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# NOTES ON LAND AND SEA

1850

ROBERT FRANK EVANS



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**NOTES ON  
LAND AND SEA**



## NOTES ON LAND AND SEA

1850

APRIL 17th, 4:15 o'clock, came and found us ready to leave old Shelbyville, Tennessee, for the Eldorado of the West. Myself, R. A. L. and C. having concluded to try our fortunes in that far-famed land, so bidding adieu to our friends and families we stowed ourselves in the coach, the driver cracked his whip—and off we went. The first few miles of our journey was performed in silence—each one of us preferring to hold communion with his own thoughts, than with one another. Even the Lady passengers, of which there were several were *silent*. Reaching M. B. we partook of some of the Genl substantials—and again started on our journey. By this time the oppression was gradually wearing off, and elastic youth began to manifest itself. The Ladies talked incessantly 'probably to make up for lost time', the baby cried and all things wore a more cheerful aspect. Reaching N. about 2 we saw

and bid farewell to a few friends and acquaintances, and getting on board the neat little steamer "Countess" landed alongside the fine and magnificent steamer "America" at Clarks-ville about 11:01 where we procured State Rooms—and turned in for the night, half sleepy and half melancholy.

APRIL 18th. Arose this morning with a confused idea of something being wrong, so I rubbed my eyes and head a little before fully realizing my situation, which when done caused some sad reflections. Hearing the bell ring I put on my habiliments, and went to breakfast, after which we all went up in the City of C. to see and be seen. Travelled around some, then wrote a letter. Left C about 12, and proceeded down the river, to the 'Rolling Mills' where our Capt. stopped to take on freight. Went ashore and took a look at the furnaces, all red hot and glowing, and concluded whilst so engaged, that if the place we read of, and Divines talk about, was any worse looking than those fires; why, I did not wish to see it. While lying here and examining the mills passengers found some 20 men from Sumner County on board, who were bound for the land of Gold—like myself and companions. Leaving the mills we steamed away down the river to Canton, where a couple of our passengers, were put ashore, for travelling under

false pretenses. I made the acquaintance during the day of W.O.L. Manager of the Company from S. also several of the young men composing the company—found them agreeable and sociable, and think it probable that we may continue in Co. to California. Bed time coming on I rolled up on my shelf, and was soon in the land of Nod.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19th. Awoke this morning and found the rain coming down, as tho' it were trying to raise a deluge, so got up and looked out—then looked in again, and finally dressed and went to breakfast. Boat took in some tobacco, then puffed away down the river, to the wreck of the "Charles Carrol", and put aboard some pork that the submarine No. 2 had raised. Rain—Rainy—Raining and so we travelled on to Eddyville to receive more freight. Partook of a light supper, played a few games of whist and then retired.

APRIL 20th. Arose at 7, broke fast, and found the rain falling as on yesterday. Got on some sugar kettles and more tobacco, and returned to Ede, remaining there until noon. Myself and C went to the P.H. and got dinner, consisting of middling meat, with a streak of lean and a streak of fat, fried eggs, corn bread and sweet milk. Extracted a molar for one of the Gallatin Co. Saw a man who could talk faster and more of it



than any man I ever saw before. He (the talking machine) was going to California——provided his wife was willing, as he knew he could make his everlasting fortune there in a short time, for he had a patent gold washing machine—which would wash gold out of the dirt as well where it was, as where it was not. Saw the wreck of the clipper sunk. After tea took on board 1400 dozen chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. No danger of starving.

APRIL 21st. Awoke up this morning at Smithland, where we had some cotton to get aboard, Sunday tho' it be. So after eating breakfast, myself and K went up in town, and walked all over the City. I then called at the P.H. to see Miss P. and found her absent, consequently did not find her to deliver an epistle to her Pa. Hearing the church bells ring and feeling a little melancholy pious concluded to go and hear a sermon—did so, and heard a very good one at the M.E. church. In the course of his remarks, the Preacher mentioned that we were all creatures of imitation, which I had seen illustrated very fairly the day before, thus: One of our passengers who had never travelled much, had been down examining the propelling powers, and internal workings of our craft, and seeing all the machinery driven by steam, concluded he would try steaming himself, and at it he went, but instead of

using wood and water, he used the essence of corn rye, and the first thing he knew, he was rolling on the floor, trying to keep himself from falling as he thought. So he gave it up as no go, for man from his peculiar organization, cannot be driven by steam like a water craft. Dined on board, had a fine dinner, with the exception of a very ancient turkey Gobbler, which I declined masticating on account of his age, having a great reverence for old age. Left S. about 6 and arrived at Paducah a little after 7, when the rain recommenced at a most tremendous rate. Thunder loud and lightning vivid, in fact the elements appeared to be in great commotion; each separate cloud mustering all its forces for a general battle against something or somebody. Saw H.D. and family on their way to Texas on board. Another company from East Tennessee on board for California, so that we now have about 40 men on our craft, all bound for the land of Gold. Wonder how many will reach there? and how many will ever return to their homes? Can't tell, so shan't try. Left P—at 8, read awhile, then to my couch.

APRIL 22nd. On arising this morning found our gallant steamer ploughing her way down the mighty Mississippi, the daddy of all rivers, and upon whose broad bosom the produce of its great valley is wafted to market. Passed New Madrid, and stopped 10 miles below to wood, when I went

ashore, and in strolling about found myself before a good looking house, when the notion came into my head that I would go in, and see the folks—did so—and found a nice widow, fat—fair—and—forty, and a young lady. Talked some with them about farming, marrying, etc., when the steamboat bell rang to call all stragglers aboard. So bidding them adieu hastened on board, and off we went at a glorious rate, the old America splitting the water, and dashing the foam and spray right and left.

APRIL 23rd. Arose this morning from a refreshing night's sleep, found ourselves somewhere, at first did not know where, but on examination found that we were going down stream which satisfied me. The Great River rising very fast, and from appearances bids fair to inundate the country. After breakfast, lighted a cigar and went on top to smoke and think, and as I sat watching the curling wreaths of smoke that floated off in fantastic forms from my cigar, the resemblance between the great river we were on and the stream of life struck me very forcibly. Upon its waters is seen human life in all its varieties, the gilded rascal, and the honest man, the man of money and the man of want, the rich and the poor, the gaudily dressed woman seeking new pleasures, and the woman whose paled face and careworn

countenance denoted sufferings intense, all, all are seen upon this great Creek. So with the Stream of Life—all are hurrying on to that precipice from which none can escape.

Weather, cold and damp, enough to give a man the blues, which we prevent by reading, talking and card playing. Had a game of whist with Mr. K. and Lady and Dr. W., got beat, then read a novel by Bulwer, called *Night and Morning*, in which money is shown to be the one thing needful in this world. Phew! knew that long ago.

Vegetation is forward here and everything gives evidence of abundance this season, at this particular time and place; the birds are caroling their gayest notes, as if welcoming the old dame nature with her mantle of green. And thus the day ends, and is numbered with things that were, and, and—I'm a day older if no wiser.

APRIL 24th. This morning upon rising found the boat still; enquired the cause, and found she was wooding. Off again pretty soon, and reached Vicksburg about 1 P. M. Went up in town, and was much pleased with the appearance of the City. Some fine buildings and upon the whole a neat place. The Court House is on a knoll, and with its enclosed yard full of shrubs and flowers and pretty walks, presented a fine appearance. Citizens generally good looking, and a pleasure

loving people. Left V. at 4, and passed Natchez about 12 at night, then swallowed some wine and went to roost.

APRIL 25th. Got up to breakfast, and as usual for the last few days, found the boat at a wood pile at the mouth of Red river. Steamer St. Louis passed up, new and fine looking boat. Ducks, geese and gulls plentiful. Still raining and river rising. Passed Baton Rouge in the afternoon—very pretty place situated on the highest land between Natchez and N. O. The State House an odd but splendid looking building. The farms, all verdant with sugar cane, which could be plainly seen from the hurricane deck of our boat, in fact the river being high, we were higher than the banks, the land and even some of the houses, and were it not for the levees, the greater part of the farms on the river this low down would now be under water. This being our last night on the Steamer America we had some rare sport, eating, drinking and spinning yarns; champagne bottles were emptied, songs sung, and all the appurtenances of a carnival meeting carried on, until the wee short hours a'yant the twals warned us to bed. E.K.A.S. of Nashville, and some others were in for it, and went it.

APRIL 26th. Awoke this morning with a most excruciating cephalalgia, the fruits of my last night's indiscretion, but those who dance must pay

the piper, consequently as Foote would say——  
“ ’tis of no consequence.” Feeling so very bad I remained on board, whilst some of our company went up to 'Fayette, to see the steamship “Falcon”, and procure tickets for Chagres on her, but not being able to do so engaged passage on the Schooner “Chanan” Ducey, Master, at \$45 for cabin passage on her to Chagres. They returned, and so reported, when we had our baggage taken on board of her. Feeling very unwell I went to the Hotel, took a room and went to bed, where I remained all day. After tea took a stroll to see the sights of the Crescent City: went to the “Placide Variety Theatre”, and saw “Old Heads and Young Hearts” performed. Mrs. Black playing the part of Lady Pompion. Then to my room and to bed.

APRIL 27th. Was awakened this morning by the ‘noise and confusion’ of a City. At first, was inclined to the belief that something unusual had happened, but recollecting where I was, concluded all was right, so donning my apparel went down to breakfast, and having satisfied the inner man, lighted a cigar, and started out. Seeing an omnibus passing pretty full, I concluded to take a ride, as there is always room in such vehicles for one or two more, no matter how many be in it. Got in and rode as far as that bus went, which was to the depot of the N.O. and Lake Pontchartrain

Rail Road. Walked around through the market in that part of the City and saw a good many things, that I knew, and a good many more that I did not. As there was a considerable crowd gathered about a little box or office I pushed myself in amongst them to learn what was going on, and found that they were all procuring tickets to go to the Lake on the cars, so thinking I might find, see or hear something I'd never seen or heard before, handed in my quarter and received a small bit of blue pasteboard, which entitled me to a seat in the car, so taking a favorable location I seated myself to examine matters in general, and folks in particular. There were all sorts of persons, the rich planter with his open countenance and rubicund visage, indicative of high living, the Spaniard with dark eye and mustache, the fun loving son of the Emerald Isle, the woolly headed descendant of Cato and Cuajo's, and also some of the fair sex all mingled together, seeking pleasure, and attending to business. Whilst so engaged the engine gave a snort and a whistle and off we went. A short half hour ride brought us to the stopping place, when getting out, I commenced a survey of my whereabouts. As the season had not opened there was very little going on, so after looking at the gardens, the houses, lake, and taking a bit of the finny and shelly tribe,

I left, impressed with the belief that a person, could at certain seasons of the year, be kept quite busy out there thro the day, by fishing and other amusements, and at night by fighting the mosquitoes and the flies. Returning to the City I spent the afternoon seeing the public buildings, parks, etc. some of which are quite ornamental. After tea, went to the theatre, where the new "Grand Romantic Operatic Extravagant Entertainment" called "Camaralzman" or the "Peri who loved the Prince" was performed; Mrs. Howard, Miss Melville and Mrs. Johnson playing the principal characters, which according to my notions they done up brown. Some good dancing and farce wound up the evening entertainment, when I sought my couch, and was soon in a happy state of forgetfulness.

APRIL 28th. On examining my "Phiz" this morning was a little astonished at its appearance, for it looked as tho I had been engaged in a fight, which to the best of my recollection was not so; and upon inquiring of my neighbors found that they had slept but little on account of the mosquitoes presenting so many bills against them and insisting on immediate payment, and as I had paid no attention to their importunities they had satisfied themselves in their own way. After breakfast went up to Fayette, thence by car to Carrollton, where we spent a few pleasant hours



in examining the gardens and pleasure grounds, and occasionally imbibing something cooling and refreshing. There was a great variety of flowers and exotic plants and fruits blooming and ripening on every side, but as they were more ornamental than useful we did not touch or taste. Returning to the City, visited some of the churches, it being Sunday, and saw some of the Catholic ceremonies. In the afternoon took a walk to see the natives, as they were all out in their holiday attire—English, French, Spanish, Dutch and darkies, all going to and fro. On Congo Square saw fiddling and dancing, Sunday tho it was, which struck me as being rather irreligious, if nothing worse. Saw some pretty creoles with their slender forms, dark eyes. After tea wrote some epistles and then having made preparations against the depredators of the night before, retired.

APRIL 29th. Arose at 7 and breakfasted. As this was the last day in N.O. determined to travel around smartly; so we started out and meeting with some of the Gallatin Company, we proceeded to LaFayette, and examined the steamship Falcon, from thence back to the steamboat America where I saw some acquaintances; talked awhile with them, about California in particular and some other things in general—such as wind,

water, wine and "wimen." Wrote some letters and left them on board when bidding adieu to all; left to see the O.F.'s procession, which was the grandest affair of the kind I ever saw. Their Regalia glittering in the sun, while their steady tread, to the sound of soul stirring music, was a feast to the organs, optic and auricular. Their ark on a magnificent car, drawn by four white chargers, gave one a fair representation of Oriental splendor and magnificence. After looking and promenading about considerable, which creates both heat and thirst, we dropped into one of those cooling saloons and spent an agreeable hour, over our cups. Going out on Canal street met one of nature's loveliest flowers, tripping along the admired of all beholders. I caught her eye and such an eye—

"Like the starlight of the soft midnight,  
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright."

I gazed again, and again, and thought—no matter what; she had

"Sweet, pouting lips, whose colour mocks the rose,  
Rich, ripe and teeming with the dew of bliss—  
The flower of love's forbidden fruit, which  
grows  
Insidiously, to tempt us with a kiss."

The form of a sylph, and just then a cab rattling close by——broke the spell, and left me free to wander on.

In a multitude of counsel there is wisdom, so we all consulted together, about what should be purchased in the way of dainties and stomachics before going to sea, and having consulted what to get, we did so and went aboard. (I purchased a few medicines, instruments etc.) At 3 P. M. we cast loose from the wharf, and pulled out from among the shipping, when the towboat De Soto carried us down to the landing opposite the U.S. Mint and left us there until 8, when we again fastened on to the towboat M. along with two Spanish brigs and a schooner, and off we started for Chagres. The night being very dark, we could see nothing of the beautiful farms along the river, nor the ground where Old Hickory did the first Packerhams. So taking it for granted that the old battle grounds, Fort Jackson and Phillip were in Statu quo——I sought my bunk, wearied out with the fatigue of the day.

APRIL 30th. Awoke up and found from the motion of our Schooner that we were going ahead, so going up on deck saw that the towboat was dragging us along fine (the two brigs and the charran) the little schooner that started with us was nowhere to be seen, having broke loose sometime in the night. Breakfast over I sat on

the deck gazing at the receding lands of U. S. for we were soon to bid adieu to them for awhile, and to some of us probably forever. 9 A.M. the T.B. left us, and carried the two brigs out to sea, we remaining in the river to fill water casks, tighten riggings etc. There is quite a town at the mouth of this pass (the southwest) where the Pilots for the River and Bar live with their families. The country on each side is low and marshy, unfit for agricultural pursuits of any character. At 11 A.M. all things being ready, the anchor was raised with a Ye Oh He, the bow turned towards the Gulf and with just wind enough to fill the sails we glided out into the dark blue sea. Passing over the bar we soon felt the peculiar heave of old ocean and saw the unbounded expanse of its unceasing waters. There came the cry——

“The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide region round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the sky,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.”

Our passengers numbering 60 or more were from nearly all parts of the United States, and some from France, Switzerland and Germany. There was one old lady——a Swiss——on board

amongst the number, and as the greater part of us had never been to sea before, we were delighted with the prospect. The water near the shore has a greenish appearance, but as we receded from land, the colour gradually changed, until it assumed that deep dark blue tint, about which poets write and sing. One o'clock was our dinner hour and not eating much breakfast, I felt as tho' I could make ample amends, but just as we were sitting down to table, a squall came up, the ship gave a lurch, and all my appetite was gone; for then came the indescribable sensation, called sea sickness. I rushed up on deck to catch the fresh air, which revived considerably, and thought no more of dinner that day. In the afternoon amused myself watching the other passengers, some of whom were very sick, and were cascading beautifully. Saw large schools of Porpoises rolling, tumbling and sporting in their native element, also a large number of the "Nautilus", a soft pulpy looking affair floating about apparently without end or aim. They were an odd looking affair, and put me in mind of an old Lady's night cap more than anything else I could think of at that time. Two ships in sight and with their sails all white and full, looked really beautiful. Our course after clearing the bar was sou'east. By this time nearly all the passengers were sick,



casting up accounts, and a Tar in passing us would occasionally illuminate his Phiz at our expense. I laughed at those who were sickest until my turn came around, when some one else could and did laugh at me. And now as evening Shades appeared I enjoyed the finest sight I had yet seen, "Sunset at Sea". Old Sol gradually sunk to rest, calm, peaceful and serene, looking like a great ball of fire "about to be put out as it entered the water". After partaking slightly of supper, I stretched myself on deck, to enjoy the delicious and cooling sea breeze, and watched the stars—those windows of heaven; as they one by one peeped out from the departing rays of old King Sol. Out, out they came, until the whole heavens were thickly studied "with those Isles of light" when upon looking down into the dark, blue sea, it appeared as if we were gliding along Thr' and o'er another heaven, all bright with stars like the one above us:—

"For every wave, with dimpled face,  
That leap'd upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace.  
And held it trembling there."

The moon came rising up out of the water (as the Baptist would say) which completed the picture of all things lovely to be seen to night, and

I laid me down to sleep for the first time out of Uncle Sam's dominions.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1850. Upon going on deck this morning I strained my gaze in all directions to see if there was any dirt to be seen, but none appearing, I felt for the first time since leaving home a feeling of desolation come o'er me. This soon gave place tho' to other feelings, as, bustling active life, on a small scale it's true, began to manifest itself around me. Two sails in sight this morning, the same that came out from N. O. with us, all bound for different havens. One of our passengers, Vinsant from Monroe County, Tenn., very sick, something like cholera. Dr. R. who was in his company from the same county, waiting on him, and at his request I saw him with Dr. C. We found him cold, pulseless and collapsed, with all appearances of a speedy dissolution taking place. I little thought my prophesy would be so speedily fulfilled, that some of us on board had seen land for the last time; yet, so it was, for a few minutes before 3 P.M. V. breathed his last. Man proposes, but God disposes. He left a wife and several children at home to seek his fortune in the far west, but a few short days had elapsed, and now he's gone to that land from whence no one returns; leaving his family to struggle through life as best they can. May He who tempers the wind

to the shorn lamb, guide and protect them through life's vale of tears.

At noon all traces of the two ships seen in the morning had disappeared, and nothing could be seen but the blue sky above, and the blue sea below. About sunset, the remains of Vinsant were committed to the deep, the first burial at sea I had ever seen—and, oh, may it be the last. Wrapt in his blanket and some canvass, he was laid on a plank, weights attached to his feet, the funeral service performed by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, and friend and companion of his; when the plank was raised, and the mortal remains given to the deep blue waters. A plunge, a few bubbles and all was o'er. The waters closed and regained their smoothness, as tho' the tabernacle of an immortal spirit had never ruffled its surface.

A gloom was cast over all, and but little was said the remainder of the evening, each one retiring silent to rest, thinking of——of what, can't tell for the human mind is an unfathomable mystery.

MAY 2nd. Up at six and saw a sail bound in. Saw flying fish in abundance. They rise from the water generally on a wave, and fly with the wind as long as their fins remain damp, but fall as soon as they become dry. Wind fair in the forenoon, but towards noon fell off, and left us



nearly becalmed. My seasickness continues to grow worse, tho' the most of the passengers are recovering.

MAY 3rd. Nothing new, but very sick, some fever, unable to go on deck, which is very disagreeable, as our cabin is small; and hot sun o'er head. Crawled up on deck after sundown.

MAY 4th. Several squalls today which increase of my suffering as the Hatches were fastened down tight and nearly suffocated me. Wind variable and light.

MAY 5th. Was but a repetition of day before, and was altogether about as unpleasant a Sabbath as I ever spent, or wish to.

MAY 6th. Same as preceeding days with exception of a Dolphin which the Capt. hauled aboard, that caused a little excitement among us, as but few of us had ever seen one before. During the process of dying its skin assumed all the tints of the rainbow.

MAY 7th. Hot, hot, very hot; today we entered the Torrid Zone, or rather the Horrid one, for the heat is almost insupportable. The fitful airs throughout the day indicated the near vicinity of land, while a few small birds, "Mother Carey's" chickens would occasionally flutter around, and light among the rigging.

MAY 8th. Sick and tired of sea a'ready, and half way believe those fellows who sigh and sing

for "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the briny deep", etc., were pretty confounded tight when they said so, if not they differ from me considerable. Water very bad, thick and muddy, bad enough for a well person and a ——— sight too bad for a sick one if they could get better. Have eaten nothing for six days and feel less like it now than ever. This afternoon we saw the coast of Cuba. Low sand hills, with an occasional headland was all that could be seen.

MAY 9th. The coast of Cuba in sight this morning. Winds contrary and light, becalmed nearly all day. One of the passengers caught a fish today called a Grouper, the flesh of which was very good to those that were well enough to eat, but for myself—I feel as little like eating as if it was unnecessary so to do.

MAY 10th. Brig in sight this morning for several hours, as was Cape San Antonio, a bold and high land jutting out into the sea. Winds light and as contrary as a cross feminine; hot hotter, hottest enough to drive a sick-un crazy. Saw 6 or 7 sail during the day, standing N-N.E. sailing beautifully, while we were tacking constantly and scarcely made a knot an hour in the right direction. About sunset saw 'Cape Currents' as the day ended and left us wallowing about in the trough of a rolling sea. Coral

could be seen frequently to day, whenever the vessel was in soundings.

MAY 11th. During the night a good breeze sprung up, and our craft walked through the waters "like a thing of life." My health better today than since I started on the Gulf. Passed in full view of the Isle of Pines, rendered famous as being the home of Pirates years ago. Towards noon wind died away as usual, and left us becalmed. Walked on deck about sunset and saw Cape de Cruise. About eight bells wind freshened up, and blew us back all we made during the day. Passengers talking about drawing lots to find the Jonah, as some thought there must be one aboard.

MAY 12th. Met a steamer about 12 last night but was too far off to make her out. 10 A.M. saw a Spanish man-of-war, on the lookout for Lopez and all who were assisting the revolutionizers. She showed the colors of old Spain, and our Capt. returned the compliment by throwing to the breeze the "Star Spangled Banner". Hot sun and light winds, made another (to me) uncomfortable Sabbath. Afternoon saw five sails inward bound from their course.

MAY 13th. Health of passengers improving. My own better than since leaving N.O. Slept well last night, and dreamed of home. Methought I was back among friends, but the morning light

dispelled the sweet illusion, and found me on the blue waters of old ocean, so I broke forth and sung:

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile for those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate."

Afternoon the mate harpooned a porpoise, and hauled him on deck. He was a large fellow about 200 pounds weight, and had more brains than some men I've seen.

MAY 14th. Arose early and enjoyed the luxury of a sea bath, then made a hearty breakfast off the porpoise brains and meat. Wind fair and fine until noon, when it falls off and leaves us nearly becalmed beneath a tropical sun. Dined on porpoise meat coarse and dark, but of tolerable flavor. Saw two sails careening onward. Steerage passengers petitioned for better provender, when the Capt. ordered the steward to supply them according to requirements. After tea had some music, songs etc. About ten heard a young Grampus ablowing alongside of us, looked down and saw the outline of the young monster. Stretching myself out on the poop deck I mused on many things, and whilst doing so fell asleep.

MAY 15th. Dull day. Not wind enough stir-

ring to disturb a lady's curls. Some one hooked a shark, but he cut the line in a moment and was off. Caught a kind fish and pilot fish; the latter always go with and ahead of sharks. Capt. D. says he never experienced such calms and head winds in these latitudes before, but then a Capt. says a good many things about wind and water which I know nothing about. Glad when night comes.

MAY 16th. Same as yesterday, only more so. Hot, very. Passengers getting quarrelsome, but as yet no fights. Day ends and night begins, wish it was always night.

MAY 17th. One month today since leaving home, and not one fourth of the way to California. Fine breeze this morning and the Charron going finely. Quite a school of dolphins playing around us. Some one harpooned one but he got away. At noon in latitude 19:21 and immediately under the sun; a place the Captain said he'd never been before—tho' he had been on the Gulf many years, and a place I wish not to be in again, if it is as hot as this today. Mate harpooned a dolphin, and landed him on deck. New awning this afternoon. Wind light and fitful. Land north of us.

MAY 18th. Cephalalgia this morning. But little wind stirring and that changeable as the

smiles of a coquette. So we exist through the day and live at night.

MAY 19th. Another Sabbath on sea, and with it came a sail. Little Van, a passenger from N.O. lost his purse overboard with all his cash. A contribution was started among the passengers and \$40 raised and given to him. In the afternoon a fine breeze which revived us all smartly. I have noticed for the last few evenings that the wind rises a little later every day, in proportion to the rising of the moon, which is said by some to govern the winds in these latitudes; 16:56 today at noon.

MAY 20th. Indications of rain, squally. Wind from N.E. Rainbow in N.W. looked very pretty. Seems as hot as ever. Passengers game, read, laugh and talk etc.

MAY 21st. Some cooler this morning from the rains and squalls of yesterday. Clouds piled up all around this morning like grim old fortresses of the feudal times. Noon latitude  $13\frac{1}{2}$  and little wind. Porpoises innumerable. Time drags heavily and slowly. Sundown the winds revived, the clouds dispersed, and we sailed on "through cloudless climes and starry skies."

MAY 22nd. Birds of various species flying around us today, there being some of the Cayenne Islands near us, tho' not in sight. My health

improving and appetite voracious. Latitude 12:18. Showery and squally. Mate spun me a yarn.

MAY 23rd. Up at daybreak to enjoy the cool and bracing sea breeze, and luxuriate in a bath. Noon hot and calm. Cry of land this evening, which became plainly visible before dark, and by moonlight the mountains of New Granada were distinct to the eye (divested of garments).

MAY 24th. Saw the coast very plain this morning, and with a stiff breeze we ran into harbor in gallant style. Then came the hurry and bustle of debarking. Got our baggage on a boat, lowered ourselves into the same, and put for land. Sea rough. On the left entering the mouth of Chagres River stands the old Spanish fort, jutting out sufficient to command the whole coast for several miles. It is an ancient looking piece of work with port towers, and all the ingredients of a warlike place, if in repair and properly manned, but now gradually crumbling beneath decay and neglect.

“Where round some mouldering tower pale  
ivy creeps,  
And low browed rocks hang nodding o’er the  
deep.”

All giving evidence of the impress of time. I did not visit as my company were anxious to proceed

on up the river soon as possible. A little higher up the river stands the Mexican Chagres, built of cane stalks and palmettos, with a few stone houses. On the right where we landed is the new American Chagres, nearly as large as the other, and doing all the business. Upon landing we were saluted with a most distressing din made by the natives, who were ready and willing to take us up the river for a certain number of pesos. Such a jargon I never heard, each one telling the superior advantages of his boat over another one. After walking about seeing the sights, and kicking over the buzzards, I entered a house and feeling fatigued called for and obtained something to refresh wearied nature. We at length hired a boat from an Irishman F., stowed away our baggage in it, jumped in, and started up the river Chagres, sick and tired of the naked natives and their lingo, the hot sun and the generally filthy town of Chagres. Some of our company L——went in another boat, ours not being large enough to carry us all and our baggage. We were the first to start but soon had the mortification to see several boats pass us, as ours was manned by U.S. darkies, and they did not understand boating like the natives. The wind was refreshing and for the first few miles, we travelled along delightfully, gazing at the beautiful scenery on each side of us. The growth was rank and luxuri-



ant, consisting of trees and flowers, new and strange to me; occasionally we would catch a glimpse of an orange grove, richly laden with its luscious fruit, while from the top of a cocoanut tree, we would hear the chattering and see the antics of numerous monkeys. Lying on the bank and on logs, the rough skin alligator would be seen at full length taking his siesta in the rays of old Sol. Fish innumerable were sporting all around us, and the birds of rare and beautiful plumage were regaling us with the most delightful serenades. Altogether the scene was beautiful, tho' strange. About sunset we stopped at an Indian town, but which the Americans have baptised Newtown, where we cooked some of the provisions we had with us, ate them, and after looking into the houses of the natives, "to see and be seen", we took boat and proceeded up the river by moonlight until 11 o'clock, when we came up with our companions. Having obtained a miserable cup of coffee, we rolled our blankets around us and stretching out on the sand were soon in the land of forgetfulness. Sleeping as sound as tho' we had beds of down to rest our wearied limbs upon.

MAY 25th. Getting up before 'de brake ob day' we got breakfast at an American's tent, (put up lately to accommodate the travelling public) aroused our boatmen, and commenced paddling

our course up the river again. As our boat was clumsy, our boatmen awkward, one or two of us had to assist in paddling to keep up with our companions; this with a very hot sun was very disagreeable, and we resolved to change our ship the first opportunity, which did not occur until night. The banks became higher as we advanced up, the stream narrower and swifter, so that in some places we had hard work to get along. Mahogany trees grew large and in great quantities, and are used by the natives for making canoes etc. Ours was dug out of a large mahogany tree. Tropical fruits of all kinds hung around in great profusion, while the babboons, monkeys and birds kept up an incessant noise, the one harsh and the other musical. During the day we met many returning, some from the gold mines and some from Panama, who had become disheartened and tired of their trip, and were returning to their homes and friends in the U.S. Some from California were returning well paid for their trials and dangers they had encountered, while others were scarcely able to draw themselves along; out of money, out of health and everything else, that a sick man needs. The first gave glowing accounts of the California Mines, while the latter d——d it as the worst country under the sun. We passed several little villages or ranches through the day, stopping to get some-

thing to eat and drink from the natives who are a lazy and mixed set of human beings. Night coming on we encamped on the banks (our boat and one other) where we fell to cooking and eating, like hungry fellows. After tea, or rather after meat and bread, for our drink was river water, we hailed a boat passing down, and for \$10 engaged it to carry us up Cruces next day, and then wrapping our blankets around us we located ourselves, on a sandy and soft spot, to pass the dull hours of night, to the best advantage.

SUNDAY 26th. MAY. Up early and after partaking of a hasty and hot plate of soup, boiled on the coal and ashes we jumped aboard and once more commenced our toilsome trip up Chagres River. Our position was more comfortable this morning, as the boat was larger than the one we had before, having sent the former back with a very polite request that the owner Mr. F. would go to the devil with his old boat. So far we had found that the whites on the Isthmus were greater rascals than the natives, for they swindled while the latter would only steal. After travelling a few miles we got out and walked some distance when coming to an Indian rancho, I went in and made the good woman of the house understand that we wanted something to eat or drink or both. She looked at us for some time, gave a grunt then

proceeded to supply our wants, which she did by filling a calabash of milk for each of us, and set it down on the floor, a dirt one, for our accommodation. Seeing some dirty young uns engaged in the same business, we pitched into it, or rather pitched it into ourselves, forked over the pewter and departed. Our boat coming up we crossed the river, and started on foot again. We presently found another rancho, and walking in called for something to eat and drink. The seniorita who was in attendance informed us that some other Americanos had just taken the last she had.

Some of our company left the boat here and walked on to Gorgona; myself and R. remained to watch the baggage, as the natives are prone to appropriate to themselves whatever they can, when an opportunity offers. We walked the greater part of the way, as the river was narrow, shallow and rapid in a great many places. Our boatmen would plunge in the water whenever they got warm, and as they were not troubled with apparel of any kind had no trouble of drying or changing garments. During our tramp along the river's bank, we crossed some rough and hilly country with thick tangled and impenetrable (to us) undergrowth. Saw a defunct mule and a man's hat, whereupon K went into a problematical discussion as to whom the said hat belonged to

etc., finally concluding that like ourselves, the owner was a traveller to the golden regions and had there been murdered. Reached Gorgona about 1 P.M. and found our company there, rested and refreshed from a good meal, victuals done up American fashion. We satisfied the inner man, and then walked out to view the town, which consisted, like the others of Spanish origin, of cane palm and brush houses, with a church of stone, and a frame house, called "The French Hotel" lately built by some aspiring Yankee. Dogs, naked children and filthy men and women abounded while occasionally some aristocratic half dressed critter of either sex would indicate the elite of the town. Then again some pompous, sleek, well-fed looking individual with broad brim hat, flowing robes and sandals, would indicate the priest. Numbers of both sexes bathing in the river in full view of the town, and in a hot broiling sun. Resting about an hour, we again started up the river, the banks of which were higher and steeper, with an occasional precipice standing out bold and steep into the very stream. Flowers and fruits were occasionally seen, tho' less frequent than lower down the river, but for their loss we were richly compensated, by the incessant and melodious warbling of innumerable birds. Saw several eagles soaring aloft:

"Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
And tempest clouds are driven."


Some of our company walking concluded to try a near cut to Cruces, but after wandering about some time in the hills and hollows, they came back to the river some distance below us, when we had to unload and send the boat back for them, as they had got to the place—"thus far shalt thou go, and no farther". They came up mad with themselves and the boatman, and we loaded up to try the now narrow, crooked, shallow and swift stream again. Working hard all hands and the cook, we reached Cruces about 9½ P.M. wet, hungry and tired. Got some supper, when some of the crowd went to see the sights of the town,—a Fandango going on—but feeling wearied I rolled my blankets around me, sought a smooth piece of mother earth, and with the interminable jargon of the natives ringing in my ears, was soon enjoying the blessing of sound and refreshing sleep. "Nature's sweet restorer", unconscious and uncaring for all around me.

MAY 27th. Up early this morning preparing for the trip to Panama. Cruces with the exception of a stone church and an American house, like Gorgona and Chagres. Natives a mixed

multitude, African, Spanish and Indians; heterogeneous compound of human nature. It was amusing to hear and see our boy making bargains with them to convey us to Pa., the big round oath of an American contrasting with the sang froid of the Spaniard's "Caramba". First we bargained with an American to transport our baggage across. He acted the rascal as nearly all the English did with whom we had any dealings, and refused to go. We next engaged with a native to convey our luggage across, when some D—— Yankee told him not to go unless we gave him more than he had agreed to go with us for. This fooled us a second time, we commenced anew, and after talking a good deal, swearing a parcel, and loading and unloading the mules and horses several times, word was at length given to forward march. The natives having seen so many strangers in the last year or two, manifested but little curiosity at our appearance, for which we made ample amends by professing great curiosity about them and their concerns generally. We would go into their houses, scan the contents, ask a few questions, which they did not understand, and leave. Some few of the females were rather good looking, fine figures, magnificent black eyes, and small feet and hands, the last a desideratum, that all Ladies wish for. Before leaving Cruces, we purchased some pro-

visions from some Yankee grocer, for they are here and everywhere else, where there is a dime to be made. Passengers who had 100 pounds or less in weight hired the natives to carry them on their backs, which they could do, and travel as fast as I could walk with no extra weight and sometimes scarcely any garments. As we were leaving the suburbs, saw a number of the natives around a corpse with long wax candles burning; saying a mass for the departed spirit, and probably praying the soul out of purgatory. Their noisy clamor was almost enough to raise the dead, if such a thing could be done.


Now at length we're off for Pa. God knows when we will come back, if ever. The path or road led off into a dense thicket soon after leaving town, with occasionally some large trees, interspersed to break the monotony of the impenetrable chaparral. We soon struck the mountains, our course being E. by S. but owing to the windings of our mountain path, we travelled to all points of the compass. Sometimes on the top and sides of the mountains, then again our route was in the deep gorges with scarce room enough for the mules with their packs to get along. Our guide when coming to such places would hallo' until the hills reverberated to give notice to any who might be meeting us, that we were in first, and had precedence; for if two parties were to





meet in the many places, the one nearest the entrance would have to crawl, or were they so disposed a Grant and McPherson combat might ensue, with this difference, that whilst McPherson threw his adversary over and down a precipice here he would have the Herculean task of throwing his opponent upwards from ten to thirty feet, for the bluffs were frequently that high. But owing to a previous understanding and I suppose their signs, we passed through all such places without 'let or hindrance'. Birds were numerous, and except at heat of day beguiled our tedious march by their melodious melody. The heat in those gorges was intense, as not a breath of air could be felt, this with a scarcity of water, made our trip anything but agreeable. 3 P.M. we came to a rancho on the top of the highest knob we had yet ascended (we had been ascending all day) when our muleteers halted and commenced unloading the mules. We wished to go farther but all our threats and entreaties were of no avail, as they were determined to stop. Finding our day's journey at an end I walked in the house (if such a thing could be called a house) and found a senorita reclining in a hammock leisurely puffing her cigarette; saluting her in the best manner I knew how, then taking off my boots and hat, I threw myself into an unoccupied hammock alongside of her to rest my wearied limbs,

and take a survey of my locality. After resting awhile went out with the gun and shot a Pheasant or something very much resembling one. Game appeared plentiful, but the undergrowth was so thick that I could not go through it with any comfort or dispatch, so came back, and prepared supper which consisted of crackers that we had with us and a cup of coffee and boiled rice which we got from the senorita in attendance. After tea we spread our blankets on the ground, beneath a shed, and prepared to spend the night to the best advantage, which was bad enough at best, the fleas having a prior claim to lodging place. Finding I could not sleep I got up and had a long talk with some gentlemen who were on their way home from California. One or two had made money, but others were returning with scarce a cent and that great boon health entirely and irrevocably destroyed. Upon comparing notes with some from Panama, I found that I was passing this night on the backbone of America. There were some returning from Panama who gave a most horrid account of the place, the sickness and the difficulty in getting away from there, the number of passengers there numbering about 3000, and steamers and sailing vessels scarce. With all their conflicting statements, I wrapt my blanket around me, and was soon insensible to them, the fleas, mosquitoes and everything else.



MAY 28th. Up early hurrying our packers off, but all to no purpose, as they had their own way of doing business, and were determined to follow it, so thinking some hard things about them (if I didn't say them) I took a seat and waited patiently until they were ready, when we commenced our day's journey. Some of my company had started early to have some breakfast prepared for us, the first chance which I found and partook of about 11 A.M. Our roads and the country about us as yesterday, only more so, rough, rugged and crooked—rocky, hilly and mountainous. The roads were cut through the mountains many long years ago by the Spanish conquerors of the country, and at that time must have been an immense undertaking, occupying weeks, months and even years. The cuts and hollows are paved with round stones, which are now loose and rolling, rendering travelling o'er them both difficult and dangerous. The woods were vocal with the songs of birds, many of them possessing rare and beautiful plumage. Lizards were numerous, and some of large size, which the natives are very fond of, considering them great delicacies. We were seldom out of sight of passengers, the road being literally lined with them bound for the Eldorado. Many were returning from Panama, who had seen enough of the elephant, and were satisfied, as they said to

go home, and let well enough alone; while others were strapped and were seeking employment, to sustain life until a lucky breeze should waft them home. Stopping occasionally to get aqua, we continued on until about 1 P.M. when, our guides, suddenly halted and commenced unpacking, which they did, our entreaties and threats to the contrary. Finding that we had to yield I ate a snack, sought a shade and enjoyed a sound sleep for a few hours. By sundown our company had increased considerable, many stopping here to spend the night. Saw a goodly number of the natives, heavy laden, packing machinery over on their heads, backs and shoulders. For supper we had a mess, the name of which I never found out; after which we spent an hour or so in talking of the past, present and future; then settling ourselves down under a shanty, 10 by 12, in which there were eight white folks, 4 señoritas, as many men (our packers) one-half dozen muchachos, some pigs, dogs, chickens and a legion of fleas, we attempted to sleep, and which we finally accomplished from sheer exhaustion, fighting the mosquitoes and fleas.

MAY 29th. Arose this morning unrefreshed and partook of a cup of good coffee, which a fellow traveller, or rather a woman traveller made for us. Our caravan being in readiness, we took up the line of march. This was my day for going

ahead, which I did in company with R— stopping occasionally to water and rest our parched throats and weary limbs. The country changing some little in geological appearance as we approached the Pacific. Saw many tropical fruits growing in rich and negligent profusion; oranges, dates, pineapples etc. Resting on the top of a high hill about 10, the towers of Panama were in plain view. While resting here in the shade nearly sans everything, a priest in his long black robes passed by buttoned up to the chin, walking as if for a sweat or a wager. Starting again we wound around the hills until we entered the suburbs of Panama, consisting of remnants of old walls, roofless, dilapidated and tenantless houses. The road for a few miles out from Panama is wide and in good condition, paved and McAdamized. To the left on entering is seen in the distance a few of the ruins of ancient Panama. We saw many of the "Charran" passengers who had beaten us, and many others with their white tents camped in the environs of the City. Halting until our baggage came up we pushed on through the crowds of Americans, natives, dogs and children until we came to the market Plaza, when we called a consultation as to further proceedings. I stopped to see Wilson who was very sick with the Panama fever, and then proceeded into the City, which we entered by the Gorgona or Cruces gate,

composed of heavy stone work forming an arch supporting a cupola in which hangs the Alarum bell all surrounded by a moat, now filled with the crumbling ruins of the walls and houses. Proceeding to the New England Hotel, we unpacked our caravans, paid off our guides and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, with soap, water and clean raiment, as our tramping days were over for a season. Had our friends "tu hum" seen us before this process was complete, they would scarce have known us, so changed were we with long beards full of dirt, check shirts that looked as if they and water had never become acquainted, and sun burnt phizes. In fact we were a nice looking set for a small tea party. After satisfying the body corporal we sauntered out to see the town, its curiosities, and to make some inquiries about our trip to California. We found first that the place was crowded with travellers to the land of Gold, there being about 2500 or 3000 waiting for conveyance to leave in. Secondly, we found that the most extravagant prices were asked for tickets on the Steamers. First and second cabin tickets selling from \$600 to \$1000 and steerage from 3 to \$500. Speculators were making money by these means, and the owners of the steamers and vessels were said to be through their agents the principal men engaged in the business. We found

3rdly that several sailing vessels were up for San Francisco, and after consulting together we found that from the state of our finances, it was advisable for us to go on a sailer; first, because what steamers were there were full, and secondly, it was uncertain when those coming round the Horn would be in, and thirdly, the sailing vessels' prices agreed with our purses' weight best, and so we concluded to try a sail vessel, tho we were awful tired of the C— on the Gulf. We returned to supper soon after which we sought our cots, and after enduring a serenade from the mosquitoes for several hours, fell asleep.


MAY 30th. Half sick this morning but felt better after breakfast. Walked out to W and found him very bad, high fever and nearly constant delirium, brought on by excessive exercise in crossing the isthmus, and exposure to the burning rays of a tropical sun. Prescribed and left him. Returning to town engaged a room from a Spaniard and moved our effects into it; the N. E. hotel being too filthy and boisterous to suit us; the landlord drank and quarrelling all the time. Feeling quite unwell I drew my cot between the doors to catch what air was passing and laid me down to rest. The bells of all the churches kept up an incessant ringing, this being the day for holding the festival of "Corpus Christi." There was a large procession headed

by the Priests over whose heads was carried a silken canopy, supported on long silver rods; then came the "young angels," children decked out with the finest fabrics and tinsel, with huge wings glittering in the sun. Then came the candle bearers with huge silver candlesticks and long wax candles giving forth a faint blaze in the noonday sun. Then came the rag end and bob tail, making a procession of considerable extent and show. Upon whatever street the procession entered the natives might be seen on their knees with uncovered heads, while the American would stop and respectfully raise his beaver until the priestly array passed by. The churches are numerous, but only a few appeared to be used at present, the balance falling into decay and ruin. The show lasted for several hours, performing some ceremony at all the principal cathedrals. In the afternoon the other three boys went out to the office of the French ship "Cachalot" and purchased tickets for themselves and Mr. C—going on the bark "Sarah." The "Cachalot" is a large ship and very filthy; to sail on the 5th June. Tickets \$150.00. Walking out I saw some of the priests who were officiating this morning going to the cock pit with a chicken under each arm, decked off in gaudy colors and long, sharp blade like gaffs, all, Saint and sinner hurrying on to the scene of their festive rejoicing—cock-fighting—in



which brutal sport they take great delight. The Priests bet higher, swear louder and yell more than any others, manifesting great joy or anger at the success or defeat of their favorites. Indeed gambling of every species prevails; a priest in his robe sometimes being seen on the street playing cards.

MAY 31st. Scarce able to walk this morning. Symptoms of the Panama fever quite prominent, and of which disease numbers of Americans are dying, principally northern men. A great cause of so much sickness is too free indulgence in the tropical fruits, intemperance and exposure to the burning rays of a tropical sun. The so-called Panama fever, need not be dreaded if a person is temperate, both in diet and drink. A glass of Porter ale or claret if necessary, which I believe is not often the case, nothing stronger can be of any advantage, and may do harm. Saw a man today who was in the melee which occurred here a few days ago. A native boy stole something from an American, and was taken by them into custody. The boy being alarmed and not understanding them, as to what would be done to him, told some of his friends that the Americans were going to hang him, which made them attempt a rescue, and from a really small affair at first quite a riot was created. The natives were all enraged and arming themselves with all



manner of murderous weapons rushed on the Americans, who with a few guns and Colts revolvers, Bowie knives and dirks defended themselves, with true Yankee courage. The tumult was not quelled until some 2 or 3 Americans and some 4 or 5 natives were killed, when by the combined exertion of the American Consul and the Governor, quiet was restored; but for several days after the sullen and gloomy brow of the Spaniards told plainly that a volcano was slumbering beneath their smooth exterior, while the Americans' watchful eye, guarded manner, told as plainly that a second outbreak would be attended with more direful consequences than the first. About noon every day a Muchacho (boy) comes to our room with rice nicely boiled and seasoned with spices, sugar, etc. This is our lunch and is much preferable in this climate to meats, either salt or fresh, to a person not acclimated and not labouring. The church bell going all day. Walking out in the afternoon I met some good looking females. They are generally finely formed and with the true principle of woman's love for show and parade, decked themselves out in gaudy attire and ornaments. We frequently see them with a large amount of jewelry on their persons, gold and silver coin, and hundreds of dollars being frequently seen around the neck of a dark eyed señorita. The Priests that

we meet are the best and most intelligent looking of the natives, and with their black silk gowns and stockings, their queer shaped three-cornered and rather soldier-like looking sombreros present quite a strange and unique appearance.

JUNE 1st. 1850. Feeling better this morning, went down to the beach and had a most delightful bath. I capered about among the breakers, and "played with old oceans' hoary locks" for the first time on the western side of N. A. Found Wilson some better. Called with Mix to see a young Dr. Ringold of Ala., who was passenger on the bark Susan, which left this port 57 days ago for San Francisco. When out about 20 days the Captain became alarmed in regard to his supplies, fearing that his passengers might suffer before reaching their desired haven. The result was insanity—on the Captain's part—who finally cut his throat, and threw himself overboard, before any person could assist him, or prevent the accomplishment of the fatal act. The 1st mate then taking command returned to this port with nearly half of the crew and passengers on the sick list. The Dr. is quite unwell and very low spirited, so giving him some advice interspersed with anecdotes, and a little medicine, left him to the care of his nurse, who is a Spanish señorita, and in appearance quite devoted to him.


Examined more particularly today the citizens



and town of Panama. There appear to be but few families of the pure Castilian blood in this country. Most of them being a mongrel race, and are deficient in the higher moral attributes. Their separation from old Spain appears to have inflicted a death blow on their energies and the resources of the country; for since all enterprise has languished. Slothful and averse to exertion they see nature with a prodigal hand, scattering around her rich and precious fruits, which they are content to pluck and eat. The country in the vicinity of Panama, and nearly all in crossing the Isthmus, might with a little well expended labor, be made to bloom and bear all the luxuries that the people could use, as it is—an uncultivated wilderness, it yields sufficient to satisfy them with little or no toil. The sudden influx of so many strangers for the last few years has put the natives to their wits' end to supply their requirements, and, of course, has enhanced the value of everything in proportionate degrees. Articles that were worth rials now command dollars. Of the markets here, little that is commendatory can be said. All (except the fruits which are numerous and tempting) have a greasy, hot and dirty look, while the half nude native saleswomen look as filthy and unattractive as their vendibles. Meat beef and pork is cut into thin strips, and sold by the yard, while before the Americans came here

calicos and muslins were sold by the pound. We see numerous fishes and some oysters, but the latter look too soft and milky to tempt my appetite. Yams similar in appearance tho' more farinaceous than ours are substituted and are abundant. They grow quite large and I think could be successfully cultivated in some of the Southern states of the U. S.

Among all the filth and unattractiveness of Panama there are still some places where a person can retire and enjoy an hour or two of pleasant forgetfulness. The town is surrounded on all sides by a wall, now in many places in ruins, yet on the battings which extends out south and west it is pleasant of a morning or evening to seat oneself against an old cannon and gaze out o'er the wide expanse of the deep blue waters, watching the myriads of birds as they wheel and circle around and above us. The Pelican with his capacious throat distended to its utmost stretch with the finny tribe which they pounce upon sometimes burying themselves under the water, and carrying off to digest at leisure. The sea's breeze about sunset is delightful and invigorating, and to watch the breakers as they come rolling in and see the numerous small sails constantly plying from point to point and to see the stately ships riding at anchor—motionless except with the gentle swell of old ocean's heaving bosom, and the long, un-



wieldy looking steamer still as the tomb, were all calculated to impress one favourably after escaping the heat of a tropical sun, and the "noise and confusion" of the mixed City of Panama. Some bold rocky islands lay off from one-half to one or two miles from the City, and one towering bold old fellow looked as if he was standing sentry to guard the town from the approach of an enemy in that direction. Requiescat in pace—old Fel.

JUNE 2nd. Sunday—they tell me—but from the appearance of things it resembles that day less than ever I saw before. Gambling houses (and they are numerous) are crowded more to-day than any other, from the fact that the natives consider it only a holiday, and consequently have more gambling and fandangoes on this day than any other, while a great many Americans—going upon the motto of doing like Romans and Buffalos when they are in Rome or Buffalo, are even worse than the natives. Met with Major P. of Tennessee, who is on his way to the golden land with some darkies to dig out his pile. Hope he may be successful. The Major goes on the bark Sarah. Found some tolerable good water today at an old convent by going to a window and knocking. Someone inside gave a grunt, to signify you were heard, then by placing your mouth to a hole, say "aqua"; a wheel would soon turn and a small stone jar would be

placed before you. Drink and be off for no entreaty would procure you a sight of the givers or draw them into a conversation. Queer wasn't it? Entered a café kept by a good looking señorita and obtained some of the best coffee I had found in the place. Church bells kept up an incessant ringing all day, and if such a thing could be done, these people would come as nigh ringing themselves into heaven as any other I ever met with. But if the Protestant religion be the correct one, they are as far from the true route to the new Jerusalem, as some of us sinners who make no pretensions to Christianity. And in fact for their abominable practices the *fons et origo*, of the Catholic church has long ceased to regard them as part and parcel of the true Roman faith. Thus thrown off by the parent church, and governed and conducted by a corrupt and designing priesthood, no wonder we should be excited in our mind at their—to us—numerous and glaring inconsistencies and unholy practices. Their religion like their country seems old and appears to be gradually gliding away from them. In fact the impress of decay is visibly marked on all I have yet seen belonging to this country. The present City of Panama, surrounded on all sides by its wall and moat is gradually falling under the gnawing and relentless tooth of time, and without a revivifying influence may be expected ere many years

to be a mass of ruins, like the ancient City of Panama, which stands some 6 or 8 miles from the site of the present City. That was once a flourishing place, but in the 17th century Morgan the celebrated Irish pirate appeared before it, and slaying and driving its inhabitants before him plundered and then burned the City. A few crumbling ruins alone and solitary remaining to tell its locality and sad fate. The citizens who escaped the destroyer's hand, fled to the hills and mountains, and when all was quiet ventured forth to the place where I now write from, and commenced to build another town and other houses, preferring to commence anew in a strange place, rather than return to witness the desolation of their once thriving and peaceful homes. In process of time the Spanish government extended to them a helping hand, and built the present City, though from its antiquated appearance it might have been built before the flood. There are some churches whose dilapidated appearance is quite venerable. The walls, towers and belfry covered with ivy and moss and evergreen plants look quite picturesque, and though service of some kind is performed every day, yet, so numerous are the cathedrals that many are never used, and are consequently going the way of all the "y-earth." The streets are mostly paved, some with flat—others with round stones, a duty that



is performed by the chain-gangs, and are generally narrow. The pavements are narrow barely admitting two abreast to walk together. The houses are principally of stone covered with tile, and nearly all have a veranda stretching over the narrow footway, which adds to the sombre appearance of the place, though they are a pleasant refuge from the heat of the noon-day sun, and afford a slight but appreciable shelter to the pedestrian from the drenching rains which from May or June until December deluge the land. The rainy season is even now on hand and every day we have heavy showers, alternated with the hottest sun ever felt. Numbers of the houses are now occupied by Americans, some as stores, but the majority as hotels and restaurants, while not a few, are used as gambling houses, or in fashionable parlance—Saloons—for drinking and playing. Some of the houses are undergoing repairs, preparatory to being occupied as business places by the Yankees, as the natives call all from the U. S. The citizens from the City wound up their holiday—Sunday as it is—by a grand chicken fight, such a scene. The priests were foremost and loudest in the sport and noise, while the men, women and children, were to me, as so many geese. To wind up the day complete, as one of noise and confusion, mine auditory apparatus was saluted about bedtime with the most horrid clatter I ever heard.

Upon enquiring the cause of such a noisy effect, it turned out to be a serenade by the Americans, Germans, etc., for a new married couple. It appears that a German enroute for California met a señorita in Panama who had a pile sufficient to keep herself and someone else from want, during life, and fancying the Dutchman, made it known. Upon this hint, he spake and after a short courtship married her, when some of his acquaintances getting wind of it concluded to serenade them with horns, pans and drums and other noisy instruments. The musicians could only be stopped by the promise of \$100, when all became quiet, and I soon was in the land of dreams.

JUNE 3rd. Awoke this morning and found it raining very hard, and continued on until noon, when old Sol showed himself in a way that made shade preferable. Quite a number of passengers arrived in town today, and the cry is "still they come." This constant rush to the land of gold, is to the ticket speculators here a real harvest, and they profit by it, buying all the tickets on a steamer as soon as the office is opened, and retailing them to newcomers at a most exorbitant premium. Many who arrived here this season are unprepared to pay these prices, and some of them start back home, while others in the vain hope of doubling their money go to a gambling house and lose all, thus rendering themselves unable to go

or even return, until they can make a raise, either in the way by which they lost, or by working, wages ranging high for all sorts of labor. The natives do but little work, except the packing, preferring to loll about, smoke, gamble, etc. Saw W. this afternoon—better, tho' very feeble. Returning I met the Governor's two daughters on horseback accompanied by one of the G. staff. The ladies were fairer and better looking than any I had seen on the Isthmus, and with their neat riding dresses and bewitching little Panama hats, looked very pretty, decidedly pretty, and I thought if ever I committed matrimony with a señorita, she must be pretty—fair—rich and a good rider, like the daughters of His Excellency, the Governor of Panama. Called to see Dr. R. who was worse, slight delirium and some fever. Prescribed for him and left him in the hands of his nurse, who appears to be very kind and devoted. If I should be so unfortunate as to be sick, wish I may have as good and tender a nurse as she is, tho' they can talk together but little, yet, she is ever ready and willing to wait on him and administer those thousand little attentions which woman alone is capable of doing.

“Pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou.”

Took coffee with my kind hostess and returned to my room, when I met Capt. E, who came from N. O. The Captain is a clever Tar and is going up on the Bark Lota. Saw quite a crowd follow a man and two ladies horseback to the Panama exchange, and going there myself saw the celebrated Tom Hyer. His arrival appeared to create considerable excitement among some of the folk, but for my part I could see nothing very attractive in him. He is a large stout looking man and from appearances could floor a fellow, and drink a pint of whiskey as soon as the next one. As this was my last day in Panama, packed up my traps in travelling order, and then sought my cot, tired of the place and its inhabitants.

JUNE 4th. Learned this morning that we would not get off before tomorrow, so walked down to see my coffee woman, got some very good coffee, toast and eggs; then went out to see W. found him improving and more cheerful than he had ever been in some time. C. bid us adieu, also Man and P. and went on board the bark Sarah. Dr. R. about the same as yesterday, so I sat down by him, and talked to him of his home friends and relatives, of his mother, father, brothers and sisters. Gave him a little medicine, and a good deal of advice, cheered his drooping spirits until he seemed better, and then left him, with the hope

of meeting him in the Eldorado of the West. Considerable sickness among the emigrants, and more especially among those from the north and east, and every day or so consigns some poor fellow to old mother earth, who a few short days ago had left his family and friends in the flush of health and strength, with golden anticipations for the next few months or mayhap years to come. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and this should teach us "There's a divinity shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Visited some more of the old churches today, and though they have a rough unseemly exterior they are internally decorated with paintings, drapes, gold and silver, that gives an imposing appearance upon first entering them. The booths, bazaars, shops, hotels and gambling saloons, all busy in their various ways. Saw some señoras beating something, as it appeared to me most unmercifully, but going to them found them washing clothes, which they did by first wetting them, then throwing them on the rocks, either stamped them with their feet or mashed them with clubs, stones, etc. The sight caused me a sigh as I thought of the fate of some of my buttons, having given out some washing to be done the day before. N. C. and so ended another day.

JUNE 5th. After breakfasting we commenced the preparation of going on board, but

before starting purchased some tin plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc., tin pans, etc., as we learned that every one was to furnish his own eating utensils. So laying in the above articles with a box of claret, some oranges, limes, sugar, tea and other necessary articles for one's health and convenience on ship board, we bid adieu for a time to terra firma, and jumping into a sail boat, we were soon alongside of the ship *Cachalot*. And here what a scene—trunks, boxes, carpet bags—indiscriminately piled or scattered about o'er deck in confusion beautiful to behold, while each one intent on securing his own, would occasionally produce a collision that called forth oaths in abundance. I and my friends secured our bunks and stowed away our luggage then taking a position where we could see as well as hear what was going on enjoyed a few hearty laughs, unmindful of, and uncaring for all the discomforts which appearances told would be our fate for our uncertain sea voyage.

As the dinner hour approached and feeling kinder voracious I drew out the "bill of fare" which we had procured at the office in Panama, read it over. It was as follows:

Sunday: Beef, potatoes and pudding.

Monday: Pork, beans, rice and molasses.

Tues'y: Beef, pork and potatoes.

Wed'y: Ham, pork and beans.

Thur'y: Beef, rice and molasses.

Fri'y: Pork, beans and potatoes.

Sat'y: Beef, rice and molasses.

This with coffee in the morning, tea in the evening, with plenty of good bread, which the agent assured us we should have, presented a tolerable bill of fare for the voyage, as we were all well aware that good provender was scarce on this side of this Isthmus. But oh! when the dinner hour arrived, we were doomed to the saddest disappointment we had yet experienced. The 1st cook a Peruvian—was of all things filthy, the filthiest. There was no such thing as a table, in lieu of which he used the deck, where with one hand he held a chunk of meat down and with the other cut off pieces as each one called for it. The potatoes were scattered around him, and in the rush, noise and confusion were pretty well mashed and richly seasoned with dirt. The bread was hard and old, tho' rich, as we soon found upon breaking it, there appearing any quantity of nice looking fat worms and bugs. For that meal I had but little relish, and Shakespeare's lines of:

“The world is a well furnished table  
Where guests are promiscuously set  
Where all fare as well as they are able  
And scramble for what they can get,”

appeared to me to be true in one respect, the scrambling part; and not so true in the other—the well furnished table part. No one who ever saw such a scene can form any idea of it, and as I would wish never to see such again I'll let the matter be for the present. The passengers number about 165—five of whom are females. One of whom has a bunk close alongside, ha, ha. We have men from nearly every state in the union, while some are from different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, and during the hurry and bustle preparatory to starting many were the strange sounds that sounded on my Tympanum. Oh! for oblivion until this voyage be over. For supper we had tea, made on the Homeopathic principle, one leaf of the herb to a pint of water, and that sweetened with molasses, and some of the pork that we ought to have eaten at dinner. Many were the hard things said to the cook and steward, while the Captain came in for no small share of huge round oaths. Complaints were loud and bitter, and the Captain was so frightened at the savage aspect of some of the passengers that he scarcely knew what to do. The C—was a Frenchman, the two mates too, while the crew consisted of sailors from nearly all countries, and as he (Capt.) could not understand the American language, but saw from the savage countenances and violent gesticulations of




the passengers that something was wrong, it was laughable to behold his troubled looking Phiz. After promising better in future, he gave orders for getting under way, which diverted the minds of all from the scenes just exhibited. The anchor was hauled in with a heave, oh, he; the sails unfurled and once more we were afloat upon the briny deep. And as the lights from the City gradually receded from view, and the shores became indistinct I could not help feeling that probably some on board would never again see land. Who it would be was to us unrevealed, but the thought was a sad one, that some one of us had probably taken the last long lingering look upon our mother earth. Shaking off these feelings I fell to thinking of home, then of the scenes through which I had lately passed, and last upon my present condition, until the most of the passengers had retired, and left me alone. Our sleeping apartment consisted of near the whole of the ship between decks with a row of shelves on each side, and two rows in the middle of double ones. Going down it appeared that everybody was talking at the same time, the air was close and suffocating; so taking my blanket went up on deck and stretched myself out on the hatch covering to sleep, which was sound, notwithstanding the uncomfortableness of my situation, until a rain came on and drove me below, where I finished the night

in anything but a comfortable way, and so ended the first night on the Pacific Ocean.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6th. Was called up before day to see a passenger W—from Wilson County, Tenn., who was very sick. Severe attacks of Cholera Morbus. Gave him medicine and attention until he was relieved. With daylight up came the passengers, and the old ship soon presented a lively scene, all hands preparing for breakfast, at least all that were not sick; and as the sea was smooth and all had given it a trial before very few were seasick. At length breakfast was announced by ringing the ship's bell. Coffee bad, sugar dirty and bread wormy, constituted our morning meal. The complaints of the passengers was made known to the Captain, who being slightly alarmed at their angry countenances promised a revision of the culinary department and better fare in future. Nothing of note occurred until dinner, when the same scene as yesterday was enacted o'er again. Mess beef half cooked, rice boiled with the husk on it, and Isthmus made molasses, with dirt, gravel and sticks in it, besides some other curious looking things, which I did not exactly understand. As the natives would say—Mucho Malo Como.

The sun was very hot about noon, but towards evening the wind freshened up, and our old ship exhibited the only good quality we had seen about



her, sailing well. Course today S. W. although San Francisco is N. W. from Panama; but sailing vessels usually run down about 1000 miles in that direction before pointing to the Eldorado, in order to take advantage of the trade winds. Saw a steamship on the starboard, but too far off to make her out. Heard some passengers talking about California and wishing themselves there, and judging from the serious countenances around me a good many were thinking of the same. The supper was a repetition of the night before, which again produced curses bitter, loud and deep. M. threw his cup at the Captain and threatened to throw him overboard if he gave us any more such stuff. The scene was a rich one, passengers hungry and infuriated, brandishing cups, plates knives, spoons, etc., while the Captain not understanding a word of our language, thought that every moment would be his last. Procuring an interpreter, he proposed to employ a new set of cooks, which pacified the noisy ones and all was soon quiet on board.

JUNE 7th. Arose at seven unrefreshed having slept but little down below last night, on account of the heat and confined air, being as disagreeable as it was new. Eight bells and breakfast, which tho' some better was yet very unpalatable. In order to better things the passengers divided themselves off into messes of 10 each, and

as a good deal of grumbling was still going on, it was proposed and agreed to have a meeting of the passengers, and acquaint the Captain with the object of it. Each mess then instructed one of their number what they wished the Captain to do. Our mess was composed of us four Shelbyvillians—B. S. M. & B. from Mobile, Dr. W. and the Rev. Mr. C. from East Tennessee, and knowing that a Methodist Preacher always lived on the best—provided always they can get it—we appointed the Rev. Mr. C. head of our mess to represent us in the indignation meeting. The heads of messes then met, organized, appointed a chairman and secretary, and a subcommittee to draft a set of resolutions. The Committee reported that two of each mess should draw provender for the balance at each meal, and that the Captain should employ Americans to cook for us. The report was read to the assembled multitude on deck who concurred therein and was then read to the Captain who promised compliance on his part. The resolutions expressed in mild but firm language, our rights as passengers regarding cooking, provisions, meal hours and privileges generally as passengers.

Made some acquaintances today and had a long talk about our future movements in the battle of life. Our course S. W.? Wind light, sun hot. Some of the passengers sea sick, and some one or


two with the Panama fever. Notice stuck up by Captain that water would be measured out to us as a report had reached his ears that some of the passengers were using it for washing purposes that it was not intended for. The water is getting very bad, thick as honey and very sulphurous in odor. The committee on grievances corrected this rumor and nothing more was said or done about water. The weather foul and misty, which with the number of passengers on board makes our vessel more like a pig pen than a place for human beings, and if some of us are not sick it will not be for the want of a cause. Slept on deck until rain drove me down below.

JUNE 8th. Raining this morning outrageous, and our vessel more like a hog pen than ever. Our breakfast under the management of new cooks was some better, tho' yet worse than any person not a savage would give his servants. Broke our fast in the rain, vastly unpleasant. Wind fitful through the day. Sail on the larboard bow. Passengers all quiet and passing away the time as well as possible. Course the same, and going slowly.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th. After rolling and tossing all night, got up this morning and found it raining harder than ever, But as a man can get used to almost anything, we partook of breakfast in the rain with a better grace than the day be-

fore. The wind was fitful and gusty, blew my Panama hat off, and away it went dancing on the waters. I was sorry and almost mad enough to cuss, but don't recollect whether I did or not. The grievance committee requested the Captain to employ a new cook, which he did. One of them that was employed the day before being reported drunk and unfit for duty. There being two preachers on board we all congregated for service, but just as the minister was about commencing there came a squall, followed by a drenching rain that broke up the meeting. Course S. • W. Some more sickness on board, fevers principally. About sunset saw a small island, called Valpillo.

JUNE 10th. Going on deck this morning found the old "Cachalot" going gallantly a N. W. course. For breakfast we had in addition to the usual fare some fresh pork boiled, about half done. Some of our mess found, when nobody was looking at them, some potatoes, then borrowing a frying pan cooked them and the pork together, which was decidedly the best meal we had eaten on the ship. For the preservation of health we cleaned the ship between decks, the Captain, D—— him, saying that he would not have it done. With a good wind our hopes of a short trip were good, and some bets were offered that the trip would be made inside of 40 days. Passengers variously occupied, reading, talking, play-




ing cards, washing, mending etc. New cook has improved our fare considerably, and all appear to be getting along finely, and so closes the day.

JUNE 11th. Awoke this morning and found the rain descending, the wind blowing and our old ship ploughing through the deep at the rate of 9 or 10 knots an hour. At breakfast which was taken in the rain the usual fare and scene was presented. Our bill of fare when examined presented a tolerable good appearance, but we never drew but one thing at a time; for instance, we got the meat in the morning to last us all day, then at noon we drew the potatoes or beans, then at supper we got rice and molasses; each on the days appointed for such delicacies. The only exception to this is the fresh meat contained in the bread, for that we get at every meal. The rain and wind continued through the day, so that we travelled fine if it was disagreeable. Night cooler and slept better.

JUNE 12th. This morning on going on deck found old Sol just emerging from his watery pillow, bright and beautiful. We made a glorious run through the past night, but with the rising sun the wind died away, and left us rolling about on old ocean's bosom. This being the day set for eating ham our appetites were keen and expectations high for a good feast, but for some cause they were not served out. This caused some grum-

bling but learning that it was an oversight on the steward's part, and that they would come tomorrow all was soon quiet. Sea calm with countless numbers of Dolphins playing around us. For dinner we had what was called bean soup, and for dessert—a chunk of a fight between one of our mess and W. of S. county Tennessee. Vinegar was said to be the cause of the fracas. No damage done, but a large amount of talking and some tall swearing. The Captain acted as pacificator, and liked to have got himself whipped. The tumult soon dwindled down to a calm, and all went on as usual. N. N. W. course, winds light and sea smooth.

JUNE 13th. Felt very tired and uncomfortable this morning from sleeping on a very narrow plank. Sun rose clear and red, wind fair; course S. W. The long looked for and much wished for ham made its appearance, served up raw, but having some cooking utensils we made a hearty breakfast from it. After eating, Ben and myself prepared to wash dishes, this being our day for such business. With salt water and a small, very small rag, we made them worse than before, for salt water and grease will have nothing to do with each other. In some instances appearances go a great ways, and it was true literally in this case. So with a promise of thorough cleansing when we got on dirt we set them aside. Made a





fair run through the day, and as the sun went down, the young Queen of Night arose and gave us a little light to guide us on o'er the vast deep. I stretched myself on deck and watched the moon as she gently sank into old ocean's bosom, leaving her attendants, a host of bright stars to keep watch through the silent hours of the night. There is something grand on shipboard at night, when the hum of voices is silent, and nought is heard but the boiling waters around the bow of the vessel, as she dashed through the briny deep. With such music ringing in my ears I fell asleep.

JUNE 14th. Clear morning, a fine breeze, and our vessel going fine W.S.W. Passengers all are quiet. Some card playing going on, but very little gambling. Days and nights some cooler than when we started, as we leave the sun north of us more and more every hour, sailing our present direction S.W. Today at noon we were near the equator. The moon gave us a little more light, and then retired early to rest. The sea around the bows of the ship is truly beautiful at night, the phosphorescent appearance being very plain. Rolled my blanket around me and slept on a hen coop.

JUNE 15th. Cloudy morning, but a stiff breeze sending the old Cachalot through the water at a rate of 10 knots an hour. The wind coming quartering makes her roll over to one side con-

siderable, rendering locomotion extremely difficult, and causing frequent tumblings. At noon about the equatorial line, the Gollipajos Islands, bearing E.N.E. Occasionally a huge wave would leap over the sides, and give all in its way a nice shower bath. Two more hogs killed today. Night found us running finely.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16th. Made a fine run last night, and this morning finds us careening onward at a spanking rate, a flowing sea and a wind that follows fast. Boiled hog for breakfast and nothing else. (Take my hat Ben the one that went overboard the other day.) 11 o'clock all assembled to hear preaching by the Rev. Geo. Horne. Text "Ask and ye shall receive; Seek and ye shall find; Knock and it shall be opened unto you." This don't hold good in a carnal sense, for we have asked for better grub, but don't receive it. A game of cards was going on at the same time of preaching——down below——(Wicked set of fellows on this boat.)

Dinner over the Rev. Mr. Cunningham gave us another sermon, but as I was taking a siesta in a hammock it was unheeded by me. Whilst dispatching our supper a squall and rain came up, and hurried us to our roost, where we passed a most unpleasant night. The wind blew very hard and the waves were running high, together with the straining and creaking of the old ships timbers,

caused many to pass a sleepless and uncomfortable night.

JUNE 17th. Cloudy with rain occasionally, wind blowing about a 10 knot breeze, and the old ship so much on her side that locomotion is rather difficult. Saw some fall and spill their breakfast on the decks which are anything but clean. Noon finds us running fine, nearly due west. With night came another squall and rain which makes our situation more unpleasant, as all have to stay down to keep dry. After rolling and tossing half the night, I finally got up a sleep and dreamed of ——and home.

JUNE 18th. Fine clear morning, wind fresh and sea foaming and boiling around us—like—like—like the sea and nothing else. While scribbling away at these nothings, a huge sea leaped over the bulwarks, and washed my pen, ink and paper all away from me. I got gloriously wet, but scrambling around soon found my material, and enjoyed a few hearty laughs at the appearance of some of the others, who also received a sprinkling. Course W. by S. Sea rough, occasionally coming over the sides to give us a bath. Supped on tea and Irish potatoes. Then came night, which brings quiet, if not rest on the old ship. Whale.

JUNE 19th. Arose with an uncomfortable headache, and swallowed some medicine and a light breakfast. Wind blowing finely and our

old ship groaning and creaking under her load of canvas, but dashing thro the water like a mad-dened creature. Porpoises by the thousands playing around us all the morning. Ham for dinner which puts all who are able to eat in a good humor. Several passengers sick; two of our mess—Dr. W. and Rev. Mr. C. A Col. Crews of Ga. is very sick with Panama fever, so says Dr. Young, ship surgeon. The rush to draw provisions is as great as ever when the bell rings, and then to see us all squatted about over the vessel in every conceivable place and position, is one of the richest sights imaginable—on hog pens, chicken coops etc. Made a fine run through the day, and had a very dark night, but as there is no danger of snags we run all night without tying up.

JUNE 20th. Fine morning—warm and pleasant, with just breeze enough to keep the sail full. Saw a sail, but did not learn from whence she came nor whither she goeth, so with a clear sky and a deep blue sea we passed each other and soon were out of sight. Plenty of room here to pass, none of your jostling and crowding like some of the thoroughfares on terra firma. After breakfast was over—the eating utensils washed and put away, I tried my hand at washing clothes for the first time, and with cold salt water I made but slow progress in removing the earth. I rubbed

away for a considerable time and at last was forced to quit as the cuticle of my hands showed signs of being removed before the garments would part with the grease and dirt which had collected on them. So with a rinse and squeeze I hung them in the rigging to dry, vowing that if ever this hombre got back to the white settlements, he would immediately unite with some feminine and let her attend to all such domestic affairs.

In the afternoon saw two sails, they hoisted their colors, when our Captain ran up the tricolor of old France. More new cases of sickness, comes on with a chill then comes fever, nausea, headache and alarming debility. The treatment is to evacuate the stomach when necessary, then Mercurials and gentle aperients, cooling draughts, and the liberal use of quinine with stimulants if indicated. Tea over, I sit and watch the moon and stars, and wonder if the inhabitants of those climes had ever heard of California, until sleep shuts out the scene.

JUNE 21st. Fine morning, sun bright and wind stiff from same quarter. At noon in Longitude 102, latitude 3. Saw a sail which bore away to the N.N.W. and was soon lost in the dim distance. At night the clouds dispersed and the Queen of Night with her starry attendants smiled benignly on us with refulgent rays and with an increased wind we sailed on o'er the glad waters of the deep

blue sea—through cloudless climes and starry skies.

JUNE 22nd. "The sky with clouds was overcast", the breeze had increased to a young gale, and a few drops of rain occasionally, all bespoke a gloomy day at sea. Course as for the last few days. Such weather as this people are usually irritable and cross, and today we had some quarrels, and a considerable amount of grumbling about provisions. The committee on provender met and petitioned the Captain for a larger supply of rice, molasses, potatoes and better bread, all of which he promised should be supplied when peace was restored and another day was added to the past.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23rd. Dark, gloomy and windy. Our course changed a few points more north. Col. Crews of Columbus, Ga. reported worse, and about 12 or 1 he drew his last gasp, lying on the poop deck with a few friends and acquaintances around while the wind whistled through the rigging—melancholy and mournful as tho' it was wailing for the spirit which had just left its earthly tenement. Preaching again today by the Rev. Mr. Horne, and about four the mortal remains of Col. C. were committed to the deep. Wrapped in his blanket with weights attached to his feet, he was laid on a plank, and after the Rev. Mr. Horne had performed the

funeral ceremonies, he was dropped into the deep blue sea; there to await the sound of that trumpet which is to call all to judgment. A funeral is solemn at any time and place, but appears to be much more so at sea. To see the dead deposited in the wide waste of water, solitary and alone, without any possibility of marking the spot, seemed to produce a sadness and thoughtfulness on all on board, and the day passed away more silent than any one I have yet seen on the Pacific. When a person dies at sea they are usually committed to the deep in a few hours after the spirit takes its leave, as the sailors are a superstitious people and believe that a corpse kept on board any length of time is the harbinger of evil. Saw a small schooner in the afternoon; some of passengers said was from New York around the Horn standing for San Francisco.

JUNE 24th. Was another dismal, gloomy and disagreeable day. Rained all morning, sick and felt little disposition to eat. Drank a cup of coffee to please K. Our apartments were very wet and very filthy. Heavy rain killed the wind and we rolled about on the sea pointing every direction but making no headway. During the rain the Captain had the water caught as it ran off the poop deck and put it into water casks for drinking purposes; but Americans couldn't stand

such as that and told the Captain so. The soup made with such water was thrown away, and the barrels emptied. The C. was notified that another such piece of business would lead to something serious. Squalls and showers the remainder of the day. For dinner ate a wormy cracker and piece of mule, and for supper two Irish potatoes, half rotten and half cooked. Altogether this has been the most disagreeable day I have yet experienced, and wound up with a small fight. This is one side of the picture of a voyage at sea, and if there be a worse one, I care not to see it. Night brought us a breeze and so we go. JUNE 25th. Cloudy with light breeze and appearance of rain. Slept but little and feel very sick, our course has been changed and we now head for the City of the Eldorado. Another fight today. Bad weather and worse provisions appear to make men cross, and trifles light as air that would not be noticed under other circumstances lead to words and curses and blows. After all man is considerable of a brute at best, and consequently has brutish ways. Afternoon calm, but with night came wind and rain and drove us through the foaming waters at a spanking rate. JUNE 26th. Morning cloudy with fair wind. K— unwell but nothing serious. At noon a pretty heavy squall which rattled things about consid-



erable, and made navigating the decks troublesome and a little dangerous. Sunset brought calm and left us so.

JUNE 27th. Sun rose clear dead ahead. Dreamed last night of being in San Francisco etc. The sick all improving. Read some of Dr. Dodd's lectures on Psychology. Brig in view at 11 and about noon saw a ship. Spoke to her and found her from N.Y. bound for S.F. Head winds and no wind and so we made but little progress. The ship passed again to leeward of us and showed the Star Spangled Banner, while our craft ran up the tricolor of Republique La France. Took a seat today on the cross trees of the main mast and looked down upon the busy multitude below me. Mrs. C. and Captain's wife sick.

JUNE 28th. Sun rose clear and brilliant, winds light and old ocean's brow smooth and calm as a lake in a peaceful summer's evening. Slept well last night, and felt better, considerably better today. About 10 spoke our acquaintance of yesterday again when she proved to be the Cassandra 117 days out from N. York. Potatoes out and in their place we have soup, made from the bread and the worms therein contained. Calm, calm, calm. Passengers all mad and talking of anything and everything to pass away the time, and tho' some of them are lucky enough to raise the wind by gambling they cannot raise wind enough to

fill the sails. Extracted another molar. After tea got some brandy and made a stew for my cold, drank it—went to bed and was soon like “Tam O’Shanter—not fou”—but just enough to feel glorious o’er all the ills of life victorious.

JUNE 29th. This morning opened with a stiff breeze, and blew us along at a glorious rate tho’ in the wrong direction. But that is better than a calm, for to stand still in this progressive age is worse than going wrong. Course west by south until noon when the wind changed and so did we, running west by north. The Cassandra in sight occasionally through the day. Sun set clear and we making five knots an hour.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30th. As soon as I heard the sun was up I arose took a bath and put on some clean harness, and broke my fast on some fresh pork. Our acquaintance of the two past days yet in sight tho’ towards evening she bore away and faded from our view. Preachers both unwell, and no preaching today. Duff and molasses for dinner and a bottle of wine which we used only on Sundays to make it hold out. Night brings a 5 knot breeze and so we go to roost.

MONDAY, JULY 1st. Fine breeze this morning and the old Cachalot sailing beautifully. Went through some comparisons today between my present position and twelve months ago; one picture was fair and bright, and the other was

dark, watery and gloomy. So I dismissed the subject and played a game of whist in which I and my partner were victors. Large majority of the passengers suffering from bad colds, as we are now in the midst of a tropical winter. Water, water, water all around us, and but little in our casks, said to be nearly out which caused some serious reflections, as it is a very solemn thing to contemplate being out of water while on sea. Day continues clear, breeze fair and so the sun and I went to bed together.

JULY 2nd, 1850. A clear morning and light winds, our course being N.W. by N. After breakfast while the majority were amusing themselves by cards and dice and novels, I hauled up a bucket of water and washed  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen pieces, but like my first experiment, the skin came off my fingers before the grease and dirt would depart from my garments. I had almost sworn not to wash any more, but as our voyage is likely to be a long one must keep as clean as possible to prevent sickness, which is hard to, on this filthy old ship. Towards night the wind hauled round a little and sends us more westward than we like. The sun made his bed in a bank of clouds and retired to rest.

JULY 3rd. Got up with a headache, and on going up found the sun rising dead ahead of us, our old vessel having tacked sometime in the night.

A perfect babel on board this morning in consequence of the Captain saying that we would have to make out with a pint of water during 24 hours, until he could run into the Sandwich Islands to replenish. The Committee on Provender met and talked and quarreled, and then broke up in a row. The Captain wanted an expression of opinion from the passengers as to what course he should pursue under the circumstances. Some were for going straight to the Islands, some for San Francisco, and some from the way they cussed—were for the devil. After a while the calmest and most reasonable of us got together and talked the matter over, and finally concluded to let the Captain do as he thought best. I learned from the Captain that he thought it very doubtful of making California before the water would give out entirely, but he believed that we could make the Islands in good time, so after making a small talk to the passengers we agreed to have no more committee of grievances and let the Capt. take all the responsibility as what was best for himself and us. The old fellow is smart enough to try and get the sanction of the Committee—acting for the passengers—to all he does, which would clear him from any damages, should the passengers, or any of them bring suit against him when they land in Calif. as some are talking of doing. But we dissolved all committees today,

and left him to act for us all. Longitude today 130 from Havre. Winds light and variable and what little we have is driving us towards the Islands. Ham for din. Towards evening all became quiet on board, and as I was a little sick and very tired of the day's troubles I laid me down early.

JULY 4th. 74 years ago Independence was declared by the U. S. Two years ago I was enjoying myself hugely tripping the light fantastic toe with fair forms and bright eyes, to the melodious screeching of wood and catgut, and one year ago I was in Shelbyville feasting on the good things of earth with friends and relatives, but today—Oh! what a change. 'Tis well for man that he cannot see the future, for the boldest heart would be appalled, and the strongest eye would quail at the mountains of danger that now surround us, without so much as drawing forth an exclamation of wonder, or a shudder at the precipices of difficulty that now environ us. Wind stiff this morning with flying clouds overhead. Fresh pork. This being a national day with the passengers the Captain opened his heart and a barrel of wine, and gave us all a little grape juice, which upon the whole was pretty fair vinegar—but with fresh meat, duff and wine we made a hearty meal, after which feeling a little patriotic we concluded to celebrate. I got a book and

read the "Declaration of Independence" after which we had a few short speeches—opened some bottles of wine and Otard and made merry until old Sol left us, when a shower took possession of the deck and drove us all down below, and this ended the Fourth of July, 1850.

JULY 5th. Arose and found the sun up before me. Headache and cold worse from yesterday being the 4th. Nearly calm, old ship laboring along slowly in a southwest course. Tired of that direction. Oh! for a change. The Capt. announced that he should steer direct for the Islands, and that as water was scarce he would be compelled to allowance us, and stop our coffee and tea in the morning and evening. This riled some of the passengers a good deal, but as it couldn't be helped it had to be borne. In place of coffee we got a gill of brandy in the morning, and in the place of tea half pint of claret wine. We still draw salt pork and beef, and hard bread, and to sum up, our fare is now a 1½ pint of water in the morning early, for 24 hours, for breakfast we have a gill of brandy, a hard cracker and dry salt beef. For dinner we have salt pork or beef, or as sometimes happens mule meat, hard bread and brandy if there is any left from breakfast. For supper, sour wine, hard bread, and the remnants of meat from dinner all to be washed down by just one swallow of water, as it is too scarce

and precious to use more than that at a time. I had heard of such a thing as short allowance, but never experienced it before, in the eating and drinking line, and as I profess to be a reasonable fellow I am perfectly satisfied with this experiment, and would be more than willing to quit off now. This kind of living will in all probability be the cause of some poor fellow being thrown overboard to satisfy the appetite of some of the monsters of the vasty deep. Hope it will not be me. Cloudy.

JULY 6th. Up this morning with the sun, and found the course changed, having tacked ship sometime during the night. Old ocean as smooth as a mirror with scarce breeze enough to make steerage way. Great excitement among the passengers about the Captain taking us to the Islands. Amidst so much noise it was a rich sight to see 160 men all with bottles in their hands rushing to the forward hatch to draw their supply of water. Messes were called by numbers, and each man would step up and get his bottle of water, and give way to another. The water was so precious that each one, as soon as he drew it, locked it up as secure as possible, and would no doubt have shed his own or another's blood rather than part with it. Noon, breeze sprung up, and we again tacked ship, and stood west by S.W. To describe the scenes and language of this one day,

would fill a dozen sheets of foolscap. Suffice it to say—babel. My own feelings were gloomy and more desponding than since leaving home. But miserable as the day is—night is worse

SUNDAY, JULY 7th. As this was Sunday and I rolled and tossed all night, I indulged in lying abed later. Winds lighter, course N.W. Great trading among the passengers in water. Some give their wine or brandy or both for a gill of water, and some poor fellows offer every cent they have in the world for enough to satisfy their thirst just one time. The sick are allowed double portions, which to those who are parched by fever is little enough. Taking a seat in the rigging I thought of my dream last night, which I knew was not true, and which I would not have true for all my hopes in California. The dream was—no matter what, but it brought memory dear of home. Ah, it is sweet to think and talk of home, bright, dear, comfortable home, when wending our way o'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea, or through unknown lands, sitting beneath the roof of strangers, or under the green leaves of the wild free woods. Is there ever found one ray of sunshine so bright to the heart of the wanderer as even one thought of home? No, no, no. At 10 had a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Horne of Knox Co., Tenn. In the afternoon preaching and exhorting and prayer meeting.



Wind sprung up fresh and we saw the sunset nearly ahead of us, our course being direct for the S.W. Islands.

JULY 8th. Sun rose clear with a fair wind and our ship making good headway for the desired haven at the rate of 6 knots an hour. Considerable excitement this morning about some person stealing water last night. Bitter were the execrations against the thief, and rightly so, for the water stolen might have saved a human life from the worst of deaths. The thief was pretty strongly suspected to be ———— of N.O. and if ever one fellow was frightened he was. Very bad times, but not so bad as they can be. Noon clear, bright and wind fair. Discussions of the passengers endless and amusing as well as ridiculous, but the most common talk is of water and when we will make the Islands. Saw a large school of porpoises in their uncouth gambols, and then the sun was gone.

JULY 9th. Sun shining brightly when I arose with fair winds for our speedy anchorage among the Islands. Gambling is becoming profitable to a few but more unprofitable to the many. Wind continued fair through the day, the sun set clear, and stars innumerable showed themselves as I lay on my back on the hatch covering, and I wondered if such scenes as were occurring around me

ever transpired in those far distant worlds; while so musing I fell into a deep sleep, and, and thus ended July 9th.

JULY 10th. Up early and saw the sun arise from his watery bed, clear and bright. Winds light but favorable for our course. My cold and headache continues, and many others becoming affected which I could not account for, until I remembered that we were in the midst of winter in the torrid zone, with its hot days and chilly nights. Some new cases of fever this morning. Day continued clear, and when myself and the sun retired to rest the stars were out in all their glory, bright and innumerable.

JULY 11th. A fair morning, a flowing sea and wind that followed fast, and we gliding along o'er the deep waters of the old Pacific, at the rate of 7 knots an hour in the right course for the Islands. The prospect of soon reaching our haven induced the Captain to give us some hot water which he called tea for breakfast. The days are dry, the nights not so cool and bad colds disappearing gradually like they say Lawyers go to the good place. The breeze held up fair through the day, and as the sun disappeared the young moon and Miss Venus made their debut, and vied with each other as to which would shed the most light upon us wanderers. My opin-

ion was that Venus bore off the palm, her rays being so bright that an intervening object would cast a shadow.

JULY 12th. This morning was fair with a tolerable good wind, which sent us careening onward at the rate of 6 knots an hour to the S.I. While I was performing my morning ablutions a fight occurred between S. and the cook, about coffee. S. used some hard words and drew a knife, but before he could do any good with it the bystanders interfered, peaceful relations were restored, and we had to eat our breakfast without a fight. My cold nearly well. Rain towards evening then clear sun set, then a host of stars—then a reverie—and then to sleep.

JULY 13th. Slept sound and good last night and dreamed I was in San Francisco with a few old acquaintances. Rain during the night, but morning was clear with a fair wind and our vessel sailing delightfully well. Examined a case of Fistula upon Mr. L. of N.O. with Dr. Y—and advised an operation to which the patient would not submit. Dinner worse than usual, which made me half miserable the remainder of the day, and at sundown I stretched myself on my plank to pass away the leaden hours of night as best I could.

JULY 14th. Arose this morning at 4 by the pleasant cry of, land ho! and at daylight had the

pleasure of looking again on Terra Firma. Passengers all in fine spirits, with pleasant countenances, which was really refreshing to a man who had scarcely seen a smile for a week or more. Olihyyee or Hawaii the name of the Island upon which we are now gazing is the largest one of the group composing the Sandwich Islands, and the one upon which the celebrated Captain Cook was murdered by the natives. We ran in sight of this Island all day, the shores of which were bold, rugged and imposing, with mountains of considerable height rising gradually from the sea. The surf breaking on the rugged shores with the small streams leaping down the hills, and the cataracts of the larger ones white with foam as they dashed from crag to precipice, presented the grandest as well as pleasantest view I had seen for many a long weary day. Oh! how I wished to be on those hills, with dog, gun and boon companions to give their denizens a chase for life. And these are the Islands about which I studied when a wee bit of boy, but never thought to see them, and yet this should teach us there's a Divinity shapes our ends, rough hew how we will. Towards evening as we wore off from the Island, and just as the sun was dipping its gilded crest into the vasty deep, one of the highest mountains in the Pacific, with its snow capped summit broke upon our view. The

name of the peak, if I forget it not is Moonarovih and is said to be some 13,760 feet about the level of the sea. The middle of July in the Torrid zone was a place we had not expected to find snow, unless we had brushed up our geographical knowledge a little. With the last rays of the God of day reflected on its summit, as it lifted its hoary head above the clouds, it might well cause one to exclaim

“Moonarovih is the monarch of mountains,  
They’ve crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.”

As it disappeared in the fast approaching twilight, I turned away with a sigh and, and wished I had a big ball of snow from its summit. About dusk the second Island was seen with its bold shores, bleak hills, and verdureless appearance; so with one island fading from view, and another looming up in the distance, the day was over or done and night silent but for the creaking of the cordage, and the mysterious murmur of old ocean began its reign, when I, fatigued with the day’s excitement turned into my bunk.

JULY 15th. With the sun I was up, when another magnificent prospect greeted my sight. The second island was in sight, and with its lofty and

bald headed peaks shooting far above the clouds, was about as grand a sight as I ever saw the sun rise upon. This one called Maui and said to be uninhabited, presents an appearance of having been thrown up by some grand volcanic emotion of nature. Soon we saw another island to which there is no name that I wot of, which had pretty much the same appearance as the last, with its bald knobs, bleak hills, and deep fissures or ravines, and I longed to be out on those hills, and examine their hidden mysteries. After noon we saw another, and as we sailed along apparently in a half mile, they're really 5 or 6 miles distant, we could plainly see trees, and with the aid of the Captain's telescope, houses, until we made out a considerable town which is called Lahaina. From our position the houses appeared on the very edge of the water under those bold and rugged hills. Next we saw Oahu, where we were to stop, but as the Captain had never been there, he kept beating off and on all night. I watched the sun go down behind a huge hill. Saw the Queen of Night take his place, and laid me down to sleep and dream.

TUESDAY, JULY 16th. Arising with the sun this morning I found the Cachalot standing in for the harbor of Honolulu, where we arrived about 10. During the morning all hands were busy brushing up, overhauling trunks, bags, etc.,

and putting on their best apparel before going ashore. White shirts that had not seen the light since leaving Panama, and a few, very few black boots, made their appearance, and soon all of us had on our best harness. The shores of this Island before running into harbor were bold and rugged as the others we had seen, with an occasional cave or valley, where we could see groves of the cocoanut trees. The most amusing looking objects on the water were the hundreds of little fishing canoes, sharp at both ends, with from one to three persons of both sexes in them skimming about the water, as they were endowed with life. They had a piece of plank or board across them, about midway, to prevent their capsizing, but even with this they are the smallest and unsafest looking craft to go to sea in I ever saw, and which I would not venture far in, tho' it is said they go out 5 or 6 miles, and sometimes even to the adjacent islands. As soon as our vessel came in distance a pilot came out, and run us into harbor, about one mile from town where the anchor was cast loose and brought us to anchorage. Immediately our ship was inundated with a motley set of beings as eye ever saw, proffering to sell us fruits, melons and milk, and other things of like nature; while others were anxious to convey us ashore for the small sum of one dollar each. The boatmen were from all nations, and as each

and all were talking and bargaining at the same time it was almost impossible to hear, or see anything satisfactorily. Myself and crowd with L— and C— of N.O. finally chartered a snug little craft called the Rob Roy, and bestowing our baggage first and ourselves next in it, we were soon riding the waves with an exuberance of spirit we had not felt for many a day. There was quite a fleet of ships in harbor with their national flags displayed, of which the Star Spangled Banner was to me the most attractive, as it was so long since I had gazed upon it, that its very sight made me feel as if I had met an old acquaintance. As soon as the boat touched the wharf I leaped ashore the first one from old Bedford, with almost a feeling of reverence and adoration for old mother earth. The custom house officer eyed my little carpet bag in which there was change of linen, and some that needed soap and water, pretty close, but said nothing to me, but some that had trunks or suspicious looking bundles he overhauled. To our right as we landed is the remnant of a very nice fort and a few pieces of cannon, which the French a short time ago, used very roughly, for after demolishing the fort and spiking the guns they removed and otherwise disfigured various appurtenances thereto belonging. The cause of all this was because the Official belonging to the government




refused to permit a cargo of French brandy to be landed for the benefit of the minister and consul of the French republic. The excitement at the time was very great, and the French had threatened to fire on the town from a man of war that was lying in the harbor, but just in the nick of time the U.S. sloop of war Preble came into port, and the Captain learning the difficulty, told the Frenchmen that with their quarrel he had nothing, but if he injured an American, either in person or property to the extent of a farthing by firing into the town, he would open a broadside on him and sink him where he lay. This cooled the Frenchman's fire, and finding they could get revenge in no way, they landed and destroyed the fort. On our left was the Customhouse, built of coral rock and looking very pretty, while a little farther on our right again was a large house going up, the lower part of which was to be a market place, and the upper to be used as a customhouse, the other being too small. We had proceeded but a short distance before we came to booths where all kinds of tempting looking fruits were displayed for sale, and the way we pitched into them, and pitched them into us, was on the fast order. Melons, grapes, juicy and luscious, plantains, bananas, figs, bread fruit and cocoanuts suffered smartly. After surfeiting the appetite, we proceeded to Captain Carter's

a Bostonian, and engaged board, during our stay on the Island at \$2 per day, without lodging, and then a rented room at \$3.00 per week for lodging; so taking possession of it we found 3 or 4 good looking beds, a cot or two, several chairs, water and bowl, a looking glass, several pictures, one of Pres. Polk, and other little things necessary for comfort and ornament. Two o'clock brought dinner, and as it was of the very best order, my appetite good, and a long, long time since I sat down to so well spread a board, it is one of the certainties that I did ample justice to it, and my companions were not lacking in the attentions they bestowed to the various dishes set before them. It was a real American dinner, and as Americans we did it ample justice. After indulging in a siesta for a couple of hours, we started out to see the town, the people and sights generally. The King whose name is Hamehamaha, or something like it, lives in a fine house built of coral stone and American Lumber, and with its observatory, its vine clad porticoes, gravelled walks, and beautiful shrubbery, was the coolest, neatest and most tastily arranged place I had seen for many a day. The English and Americans of whom there are quite a number live in much better style than the natives, with the exception of a few chiefs, whose houses are tastily built and ornamented, while all or nearly all have beau-

tiful trees and shrubbery around them. Some of the streets are wide and well laid out, as regards straightness, but many are narrow and intersect each other at all sorts of angles. While sauntering about with no particular object in view my attention was attracted to a stylish looking female, who came out of a house just ahead of me, and went tripping along before me for some distance. Her dress appeared to be of the finest silk with flounces and other fixings that the female sex adorn themselves with. A little hat set jauntily on her head gave her a rather coquettish appearance, while her feet encased in embroidered slippers without stockings showed a well turned ankle and foot etc. Whilst I was admiring her appearance she met an acquaintance dressed in the same style, when they both sat right down in the middle of the street in the dirt to hold a confab. Well thinks I to myself, here's a go. What would one of our Tennessee belles say to this; and so I passed on with the old saying of "live and learn", forcibly impressed on my mind. Many of the houses are surrounded by high walls built of sun burnt bricks and even some of the houses are built of the same material, but by far the greater part of the lower class of natives live in houses built of cane and palm and covered with the palm leaf, and a kind of grass that grows luxuriantly here. In noticing the native men,

they appeared indolent and contented with themselves and the rest of mankind, and to a casual observer were heavy, well set, strong, able bodied men, but owing to some unrevealed cause they are not long lived and are inclined to obesity as they grow old. In fact there are but few children raised and the population is rapidly passing away. There is something strange in the fact that wherever the Christian religion has established itself, the original inhabitants are passing very fast away and from present indications the Indians of North America and the Kanakas of the Hawaiian Islands will soon be numbered with things that were. The natives of both sexes are subject to scrofula, and its concomitant evils, and whole families are frequently hurried by it to the grave. Before sunset I saw many of the native women taking their evening ride, which they do on the same saddles, and in the same way as the males, and with their flowing skirts, flying ribbons, neat little riding hats, and the John Gilpin speed at which they go, was another new feature to me in appearance and amusement. My landlady told me I should see them of a Saturday, as that was the day on which the whole population that could afford it were on horseback, going it at a real breakneck speed. At the supper table I made the acquaintance of a Dr. Newcomb who went out to California from Albany, N.Y. and after



remaining there long enough for the company of which he was a member to break up, and spending a good deal of money and losing his health went over to the Island of Oahu. The Dr. and his family have been in Honolulu some three or four months, and he is now doing a very good business in his profession. After having a long talk with him about California, the Islands and its people I went with him to see some of his patients. Into one or two of the houses of the Chiefs or nobles I found everything neatly and tastily arranged. The floors were thickly covered with matting of all hues and textures, from the coarsest door mats to the finest of material. They have but few and many indeed have no chairs, and their beds are frequently composed entirely of matting. They sit flat down to eat or entertain their visitors, and apparently enjoy themselves hugely when an American calls to see them. I sat down alongside of a young woman who offered me fruits, water and cakes, and who appeared well pleased with me in every respect but one, and that was, I did not nor could not talk to her, for which I made amends by thinking most prodigiously. I saw a good deal of Chinese furniture in some of the houses, such as table work boxes, and curiously carved and strangely shaped chairs. The Dr.'s family being out in the country he invited

me to share his bed, an invitation which I very readily accepted, and made use of.

WEDNESDAY JULY 17th. Arose from a most refreshing sleep as my bed was superior to anything I have slept on since leaving home, a nice room, well carpeted floor, clean sheets, mosquito bar and in fact everything was neat and comfortable, all proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that a woman's eye and woman's hand had the surveillance and arranging of it. After breakfast went out to the ship to arrange things, and have some washing done, which I paid \$1.00 a dozen for. Going over the town I found most of the business done by Americans and English, with a right smart chance of French, Chinese and Spanish; while I met many invalids from California, of all nations, who came here to recruit as the climate and living is yet far superior to anything in that gold hunting country, and will I doubt not be a rendezvous for the sick of California when a line of steamers is established between the two countries. Saw but very little drunkenness, and that little was mostly tars or strangers here, and but few drinking houses and public gaming establishments. The Californians give a different account of the gold country than what we heard in the States, and if they tell the truth few men would leave comfortable homes in the States to

try for a fortune in the Western Eldorado. Wages are very good, and a man can live well and lay up some money for a rainy day, by being industrious and economical. Capitalists have the same advantage here as elsewhere, and some few who purchased property a few years ago are now realizing handsome profits from it, as its value is greatly increased since the opening of the California market for all the surplus productions of the Island. Some Americans, English and French have married among the natives, and their influence is seen and felt in the bustling activity and go ahead business way; so different from the natives a few years ago, in fact civilization is farther advanced here than on the Isthmus, and the sobriety and good order of the native inhabitants is superior to many who call themselves and profess to be Christians, in some of the States. The Missionary influence is felt here and seen in the affairs of government, and some who are envious of the influence and popularity of Dr. Judd, go so far as to say that when the Dr. takes a pinch of snuff the King sneezes. Be that as it may, Dr. Judd is a man of considerable influence on this Island, to prove which he is at this time Minister Plenipotentiary, Extraordinary etc. to the court of St. James. The Constitution and principle of this government is something like the U. S. modified to suit a half way monarchy. The

present King—the third of his line is a well informed colored gentleman, noted for his physical strength, love of brandy and the opposite sex. He has no children by his Queen, but has adopted a nephew who will fall heir to the throne should he die childless. John Young, an Englishman by descent is premier, and is son of the man who was mainly instrumental in placing the first king on the throne and establishing the present form of government.

JULY 18th. From indulging so freely for the two last days in eatables, I was very sick all night and this morning feel too unwell to go to breakfast, so under the advice of Dr. N. I made my breakfast on Sub. Mur. Hydrang. and Dov. pulv. and dinner on oleum Ricini, and lay abed all day. In the afternoon some of my friends not seeing me out, called to know what was the matter, and found me stretched on a sofa in the Dr's parlor reading and sleeping alternately. The Doctor's wife and daughter who was quite pretty, came in and were taken all aback by finding a stranger making himself so free and easy in their house in their absence. I introduced myself, and told them the Dr. was accountable for my presence and any damages I had done, and that as he was absent I would try and entertain in their own house to the best of my poor ability. We soon were laughing and talking like old acquaintances,



and when they rose to return inviting me out to see them, I felt a loneliness steal over me, that was worse than if I had not seen such bright eyes and kindly smiles.

FRIDAY JULY 19th. Feeling comfortable this morning I went to breakfast, and heard from my friends that the Captain of our vessel requested all the passengers to be on board by 10 P.M. So as this was our last day on shore I spent it in seeing the remainder of things unseen. With Dr. N— I visited a large garden and saw among other things useful and ornamental, the Tarra a species of Potato, something like the Yam growing in abundance. The land for cultivating the Tarra is dug out or down several inches, the water let on it and allowed to remain for several days; it is then drained off, the ground beaten down hard, when the plant is set out and watered by irrigation at certain seasons of the year. The Indigo plant is cultivated quite successfully, and as to coffee it is cultivated enough for home consumption, and forms a considerable source of revenue by exportation to California, and other heathen countries. The valley extending several miles from the City to the mountains is rich and prolific, well watered and in a high state of cultivation. The most of the water used is brought from the mountain through the valley, where they have pools and cascades, and where the na-

tives indulge in bathing. There are some wells in the City for drinking water but the larger part of that is brought from the valley in Calabashes or large gourds on the heads and backs of natives. The citizens are building a large pool or reservoir, which will be filled by pipes from the springs above, and thus supply the town with plenty of pure sweet water. A good many of our passengers were on horseback today riding over the town and into the country, and there is one place some 5 or 6 miles out richly worth visiting. You leave the City and ride through the valley, with its small farms, fine gardens and neat cottage houses until you strike the mountains when the road narrows down to a single track, shut in on each side by overhanging precipices and hills. After going thus for several miles, the road becoming more narrow and the hills more rugged, you are brought to a halt by what appears to be the end of the road, while far down below you is a beautiful valley, green with verdure and dotted with houses. The hills rise up on all sides nearly perpendicular, and you are at a loss to know how the people down there ever get out, but after becoming a little accustomed to the strangeness of the scene, you can spy the road winding along the sides of the hills, until it finally dips down into the valley. To stand upon the edge of the precipice, and gaze down on to active

bustling life below, while all around is stern rugged and grand—one can almost imagine that a violent commotion of mother earth produced the strange scene upon which you are gazing, and that the green vale at your feet was once the center of an active volcano, belching forth smoke, fire and red hot molten lava. Such I think was the cause of the strange scene upon which we are now gazing, and the appearance of the hills and mountains all strengthen such a conclusion, as they one and all present the appearance of having been formed by volcanic eruptions. Just back of the City is an old fort, now nearly in ruins, upon which are kept a few pieces of old cannon to make a noise with on national days; and here it was that the big and first fight occurred that subjected the original inhabitants to the present form of government, and here is the place where Young, the Englishman showed such superior skill and daring and courage, for which the King when once firmly established on the throne so nobly and richly rewarded him. Saw several missionary, Methodist preachers today and conversed with them on and about the Islands. The Americans or at least some of them say that the Missionaries are worse than the Catholics in exacting tithes from the natives, and that in this way they have acquired and own some of the best lands and property on the Island, and that in this

way for their own aggrandizement, under the cloak of religion they are fast acquiring the best property on the Islands, to the detriment of commerce and trade and the injury of the people. Saw the sugar cane growing, and was told that four crops were raised from one planting, and that some enterprising men having engaged in the business, it would soon form a considerable source of revenue to the government, and profit to the growers. There are several very good and substantial looking churches in the City built of coral stone, and upon the top of one I noticed the cross of the Catholics. Wherever I have been yet that cross is seen and its slaves and votaries are scattered the wide world o'er doing the will not of God, but of the Pope who claims to be the representative of the Most High. Strolled into a house of one of the chiefs again today, and found them sitting flat on their mats, eating and drinking. I declined the invitation to join, and soon took my leave to prepare for embarking once more on the restless waters of the old Pacific. The Children of Americans who were born here speak both languages very fluently, in fact Mrs. Carter told me that her children preferred the Kanaka language and would talk to their nurse rather than her about what they saw and heard. Dr. N— presented me some pretty shells obtained from this and some other of the islands, also some me-

dicinals and papers which I packed away and then went out to make some purchases of articles necessary for a sea voyage. Mix, one of my mess is and has been very sick while on shore, so after seeing him and directing some comforts and condiments for him on board I left promising to see him again on board by 8 or 9 o'clock. Just before sunset I left the few kind friends I had made in the City, and stepped into a boat with my companions and we were soon alongside of our ship, the dirtiest looking one in the harbor which was to be our home for an indefinite number of days. All was bustle and confusion on board, passengers coming on, each bringing something in the way of eatables to make up for the bad fare which they knew we would receive when once more afloat. The water casks were all filled, a fresh supply of meat and vegetables and a goat for the Lady Captain. My bunk was so different from the Dr's quarters on shore that it was midnight before I could manage to sleep, and that was not more than half done.

SATURDAY JULY 20th. Instead of feeling the motion of a vessel cutting the waters this morning, all was still when I awoke, and on rising found we were swinging at anchor as when I lay down. Nearly as soon as light, quite a fleet of boats came out loaded with melons, fruits etc. and a brisk business commenced between the

passengers and natives. As my supplies were all on board I took a position where I could see and hear all that was going on, and enjoyed a few hearty laughs at the expense of some of my fellow passengers. At 10 A.M. the Captain's yawl, which had been uptown for some papers returned and was hauled up and word was given to weigh anchor. Some of our passengers had been instrumental in procuring passage for a man by the name of Camp who was out on the Islands recruiting his health, which had suffered seriously in the mines of California, and now wished to return. K— became acquainted with him and invited him to join our mess, which he did. The heave, ho, he of the sailors announced that the anchor was on its way from the coral bottom of the bay, and soon it hove in sight. The sails were squared away and catching the breeze filled, and as the old ship obeyed her helm we were once more afloat on the deep blue waters. Looking at the sailors at work I spied a strange face, and learned that he had shipped for Francisco, working his passage. The passengers generally were scattered about in little groups over the vessel, talking of their visit to Honolulu, and as each had some particular story to tell of what he saw, heard and did, many a hearty laugh would ring out above the noise of the flapping sails, and rippling waters. On leaving anchorage our course

was due west until late in the afternoon when we changed a little to the North. Some considerable mountains hove in sight as we rounded the western portion of Oahu, presenting about the same appearance as others we had seen, bleak, barren and desolate. The wind gradually increased until towards sunset when it blew a considerable gale, and soon after the last headland disappeared, the alarming cry of "man overboard" was heard. For a moment every man appeared to be paralyzed and stunned, then hurried and anxious glances were cast around to see who was missing—each one afraid to ask, who is it, for fear it should prove a friend or brother. Reaction was as sudden as the shock, and immediately hen-coops, buckets, chairs and such things were thrown overboard with the hope, vain tho' it was, that some of them would drift in reach of the drowning man. As quick as knives could cut ropes, and strongly excited men could throw a boat over, the yawl was into the sea, when three bold daring fellows leaped in after her. They did not take time to let themselves down by ropes, but with a bound they were in the boiling waters striking for the yawl that was held by a line. Oars, and a bucket to bail out the water were thrown them and they cast loose, to seek their lost companion. All eyes were strained to see the poor sailor, the ship was hauled to

and trembled like a frightened bird, while the wind blew almost a hurricane. The little boat with her noble crew occasionally seen on a mountain wave, then disappeared as tho she too had found a watery grave. The sailor was a Frenchman, the pride of the officers and crew, as well as the favorite of the passengers, and had gone over the bows to take in some clothing, which was getting wet by the waves and spray, and while holding on with one hand a mountain wave struck him, and washed him off the ropes, and before he could recover another huge sea swept him from his hold into the water. He was seen as he went down by the side of the ship, and once some distance behind her, then the waters closed over him and his spirit had winged its way to the place of Judgment. The night was closing rapidly around us, and fears were entertained about the yawl and crew, but soon she made her appearance and was hauled up on deck, her crew exhausted with the almost herculean efforts they had undergone. The wind whistled and moaned through the rigging as tho' it were wailing the lost spirit of him who was so suddenly snatched from our midst. The sails were once more set and the old ship riding the waves, when I solemn and melancholy retired to my bunk.



Begun JULY 21st., 1850—12 o'clock PACIFIC OCEAN—Lat.  $32\frac{1}{2}$ , Long. 16.

1850

SUNDAY, JULY 21st, 1850. With the commencement of a new week, I commence scribbling o'er a new book—having finished one with the close of the past week, and Oh! how differently situated I am now than when I commenced the other one. Then I was in Tennessee “on the water it is true”—but on a small stream in a perfect floating palace—now I am in the wide, wild fathomless sea—on the Pacific Ocean—“the largest in the World” on a French ship commanded by Capt. DeGrand, filthy and nauseous. But why go on thus? We are all in for it, so let's not complain but make the best we can out of a bad bargain. Another Sabbath has rolled around and still finds us on the dark blue sea whiling the hours away as best we can. Yesterday evening's scene was the most terrible I ever beheld; death in any shape has its horrors, but when attended by such circumstances as we saw yesterday, it was truly alarming. Confusion prevailed—all eyes were watching for the poor fellow as a huge wave would lift him up then he would apparently sink to rise no more, until another wave would lift him about the boiling waters again. The wind whistled and moaned through the rigging, the waves ran high and nature seemed to weep

for the lot of one of her children. The little boat that was launched for his relief without success, rode the waves with her gallant crew most nobly. Sometimes she would appear to be gone, then she would appear on the top of a mountain wave as though she were leaping from one to another. She returned to the ship, her gallant crew wet and nearly exhausted with their labors, after her unsuccessful search for the poor sailor. Today his sad and unexpected demise is the theme of conversation, for he was a favorite among the passengers as well as the Captain and crew.

Last night, as soon as we cleared the Island, we steered a north course varying a little to the westward, as the wind varied and today finds us going the same course with a stiff wind and flowing sea. Some considerable sickness, "Diarrhea" among the passengers this morning from a too free indulgence in fresh meats, fruits, vegetables, etc. Mix is very sick and has been unwell for three or four weeks. His case is a pretty hard one at present. Diarrhea, cough, headache and fever. Showery, occasionally with a stiff N.E. wind all the day—and so it ended.

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1850. Arose this morning and found the old "Cachalot" going finely, the wind coming from the same quarter as yesterday. The sea is rough and navigating the decks is very hard to do. M. is no better and suffers

considerably from having to lie in such a confined and unwholesome place as the hold of this ship. No comforts and conveniences for a sick person renders his condition as unpleasant as can be imagined. Showery again today with cold wind in the night and morning. We have now got north of old Sol once more and the clouds and wind begin to look and feel like home. This, and the last two days have closed with a squall, wind and rain, making overcoats comfortable. The moon shines bright but has not that brilliant lustre it had, to me, when we were in the torrid zone. To bed—to sleep and dream.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1850. Cool and clear this morning with the same wind, our old vessel going North making a little westing occasionally as the wind varies. Cool but pure air. Sickness gradually disappearing with the exception of "S" who has been sick nearly all the voyage, and "M" who is worse this morning. I invited Dr. "Y" to see him. He did so and we decided to vesicate his cervix and lower extremities, continuing about the same treatment—otherwise upon which I had placed him. The excitement of visiting the Island, together with the fresh fruit is pretty well gone, and we have all got down to our old way of living and passing the time. Wormy bread, salt pork and beef, bad coffee and worse tea, comprise our living as usual. While we

wash our eating utensils as before landing, so passes the day and night comes on.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1850. Arose this morning about breakfast time and found our old ship ploughing along as for the last few days, with the exception of bearing a little to the east instead of west, the wind having slightly varied. We are now considerably westward of the S.W. Islands, "farther West than I ever was before" and if I had my way, would go east, our destination being that way from where we now are. "M" is slightly better this morning, the medicine and blisters having acted as we anticipated. Today, we have more squalls, rain and wind. Yesterday evening we had a squall about supper time, which wound up the day, as the days have all ended since leaving the S.W. Islands. Since leaving the Islands the Captain has been so liberal as to give us cabbages and pumpkins. He gives out FOUR cabbage heads and one or two small pumpkins or squashes for 163 passengers—"Aint that liberal!" which was boiled with the beans or peas in the form of soup, so that a mess of ten men would get about one leaf and a piece of squash as large as a dollar. Oh! most liberal Capt. LeGrand! we the passengers will long remember thy generosity and liberality! Saw a bird this evening called an Albatros; a large black looking bird. Extracted a Grinder for

"K". As we were eating our supper of tea and sweet potatoes, another squall came up, then old Sol went to rest and the moon took his place.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1850. Cloudy and showery, our ship heading nearly east but not wind enough to make headway. We have got where the weather is more changeable, something like home, cool and hot, rain and sunshine all the same day. "M" is about as yesterday, some febrile excitement existing this morning. A succession of little squalls and calms so that we make no headway. It appears that we have run out of the trade winds that prevail around the S.W. Islands, our latitude to-day being about 33°, Longitude, I don't know, somewhere about 160, I guess, and it is to be hoped that the next steady wind we have will carry us to our destined port. About noon to-day, some of the passengers caught a large bird, very much like a wild goose, which sailors call a "stinker". It has very long wings, measuring something like four feet across. Web feet, and legs nearly a foot in length, large neck and head with a heavy bill turned down at the point. It is the same bird which some of the passengers yesterday called an Albatros. The feathers are of a dark color and on the whole there is very little beauty about the "varmint" or a bird. Tacked ship soon after dinner and stood S.E. until supper time, when

tacked again and stood about the same course as for the last four days. No wind though to make any headway no matter what course the old "Cachalot" turns her head. *The sun set in the West as usual* and up rose the full round moon, which brings night.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1850. Going on deck this morning, I found the sun dead ahead of us, the Captain having tacked ship again, some time during the night. Wind light, so light that we appear to be standing still in the same place we have been standing for the last two days. At least it looks so to me. What an improvement in navigation it would be to have *Mile stones and Sign boards* stuck up all over the Ocean, we could see then how far we travel in a day and whether or not we were going right. As it is, we can't tell, the sea appears the same all over when we are out of sight of land. The same blue looking water and sky the same boundless expanse of the great deep. A squall may disturb the serenity of old Ocean's brow for a minute or so, then all is calm again. "M" is in Statu Quo—the influence of "steerage air" appears to counteract the good effects of medicine so that it is difficult to obtain the full effect of any medicine we can use in such a confined atmosphere. The constant noise and buzz arising "necessarily" from so many passengers crowded as we are, is little cal-

culated to do a sick man good, to minister to a mind diseased for what person can suffer much bodily, without his mind becoming "more or less affected"—No one's. To-day, we have had as near a calm as is often seen, or at least is desirable to one sick and tired of this long voyage. In the afternoon, some of the passengers amused themselves with hook and line in catching those strange looking fowls called "stinkers". The hooks are baited and thrown over, when they catch the bait and swallow it, and are thus drawn on deck. Quite a large bird, and quite vicious they are when you approach near to them. The Captain Lady was out of her room for the first time since leaving Panama, having been sick before and ever since I came on board this d——d old craft. Towards night the wind freshened up and our old bark skimmed along finely heading a little north of east, the right course for San Francisco. Finding the old ship could sail as well if I was asleep as awake I turned in and dozed and dreamed away the night.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850. Cloudy and rain and a little wind, fair but light, we going a little north of east, which is our right course for the land of Ophir. As this is my wash day again, I must prepare for it by getting things in readiness. The Capt. announced to-day that he would give us, "each mess" a bottle of Brandy, tomor-

row, and would continue to do so the balance of the voyage. So it appears that the Capt. is not so hard-hearted as we thought him, indeed, all men, however mean they may appear, will at some time show some redeeming quality, for "Nature never made a heart all marble, but in its fissures, sows the wild flower "LOVE" from whose rich seeds springs forth a world of mercies and sweet charities." Hope that we will not have to draw his brandy many days for I would willingly forego his brandy and everything else he has on board to be off this darned old craft. Had quite a scene, *down in our part of town*, this morning between the Rev'd Mr. Horne and Mr. Bottler. Mr. "H" said that the proprietor of the Canton Hotel in Honolulu, told him that Mr. B. left there without paying his bill. B. denied it and one word brought on another until the lie passed. The Rev'd gentleman called B. a liar, an infernal scoundrel, and abused B. and his father in pretty hard language, generally, threatening to write to the Island and prove that he did what he charged him with. B. abused him in turn and told him if he was not an old man, he would whip him; to this, the Rev'd gentleman told him he was young enough for him and *dared* him, "B" to strike him. Quite a crowd soon collected and some of them spoke rather hard about a minister doing as the Rev'd gentleman was then acting, which upon



his hearing brought forth another tirade of abuse, directed principally against B—one of our mess. The Hon. called him a liar, infernal scoundrel, etc. and threatened to have him put in jail as soon as we landed. B laughed at him and so it ended for a while, until young B going down the main hatch for something, saw the Rev'd gentleman again, when another *Battle in words* took place. The Minister went to his berth and trunk and took out something which B said was a knife, anyhow, the gentleman kept his right hand behind him, whether he had a knife or not, and called upon the crowd to witness it. B again told him he was a hypocrite and if not an old man he would whip him. H. gritted his teeth, looked savage, called him a liar, infernal scoundrel and dared him to strike him, telling him again that he was young enough for him. This, like everything else—but a ring—had an end, and quiet once more reigned around us. A good many hard things were said on each side about private character. The Holy gentleman threatened to write to E. where they had come from, and get evidence to prove that they were as mean as he represented them. A preacher has as good a right probably, as any person to use such language as Mr. H. used, but then it sets us sinners a bad example, which we are too apt to follow, preferring evil to good anyhow. My own opinion is that

the Bible teaches us that if a man smites you on one cheek, turn to him the other; but our chaplain prefers to return the same he received, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. This is a free country and every man is entitled to his own opinion, so my opinion is that as peace is restored, I'll drop the subject. While eating dinner, a squall and rain made us hurry—that and ourselves—both down. Winds light through the day. In the afternoon we had another short quarrel and a few blows between Parish, a Swiss, and the second mate of this vessel. The cause of the rupture was a dirty trick played upon P by the mate a few nights since, so this afternoon, P accosted him and accused him of it, which he did not deny, but told Parish that it was not intended as an insult but if he took it so he would give him satisfaction, as soon as he was off duty or as soon as he landed. P charged around and spit in his face, which mate returned not wishing to strike first, as he was then on his watch, but P, not feeling satisfied, followed him and struck him, whereupon the mate turned upon him, pushed him down and would have beaten him severely if allowed. P drew a knife but it fell out of his hands and no harm was done with it. This made the Mate very savage and it required the Captain, 1st Mate and someone else to hold him. Finally he was quieted and carried to the cabin to cool off.

He says that the affair is not settled, but that he will wring P's neck at some future time, which he is very able to do, being large and strong. Supper of tea and potatoes, then a rain wound up this eventful Saturday. The wind improved after sundown, driving the "Cachalot" along finely, when I went below and stretched myself on my plank.

SUNDAY, JULY 28th. The wind during the night veered a little and increased considerably so that this morning finds us going ahead finely on our course. M is still low and very sick, though his appearance and symptoms are more favorable than for the last few days. Called to see Dr. Cade, of Georgia, this morning and found him quite sick—headache, nausea and fever, very much like all who have had fever during the voyage. I would like much to hear Dr. D. of old Shelbyville preach to-day but instead of that I hear nothing but oaths and speculations on the length of our voyage and upon the gold mania generally. If such a thing were possible I would like to have a view—a sight—of all the passengers on board this old ship, twelve months hence, to see if they have realized their expectations in leaving the comforts of home to dig a fortune in California's far famed dirt, but that being impossible, I'll guess what I do not know. Besides, I had really rather not know if for knowl-

edge is purchased at the expense of life as was said to be the case with old Adam, for I find it reported somewhere that the first man who ate of the apple of knowledge died of indigestion. The Captain was as good as his word and gave us a bottle of brandy to each mess—this morning. No preaching to-day. "Why?" I know not. After eating our duff and fresh pork, I laid down, and read and dozed away part of the afternoon. Some of the passengers did the same, while some played cards, and others talked and whiled the day away as usual. Oh, for one Sunday evening at home, to enjoy the society of kindred and friends. 3½ months have elapsed since I bid adieu to old Shelbyville and its inhabitants and what have I done? In one sense—nothing in another, much. I have made nothing and spent much, for the first, while for the latter I have seen a good deal of the world and much more of human nature. I have seen what I do not care to put in black and white. But N.C. here goes for something else. The wind continued favorable through the day and when old Sol retired our vessel was walking the waters like a thing of life.

MONDAY, JULY 29th., 1850. During the night we made a gallant run but towards morning the wind changed a point or so and prevented the "Cachalot" from making such headway (be-

ing too close on the wind—to keep her course) to sail as fast as when she has a wind free. Brandy again this morning. Dr. C. of Georgia is apparently better this morning, hope he may continue to improve. M. is also better in every respect and with good attention will “if no relapse occurs” convalesce as speedily as a person can (on this craft) who has been ill as he has. Card playing, washing, mending and the usual avocations of the passengers goes on this morning, as usual while others are speculating upon the probable length of our voyage and the prospects of suddenly acquiring a fortune in California. Finished reading a novel this evening, called “Self” and in the principal character there is described I can see a fac-simile in many persons on board this vessel. Self is predominant and so much plainer does it appear *here* than I ever saw it before, that my former opinion is more fully confirmed than ever that there is no such a thing as disinterestedness. As the day closed the wind became more unfavorable driving us North and N. West, contrary to where we wish to go. Oh, that this old boat had wheels and an engine to drive her through the vasty deep against all opposition! We have now been out 55 days and are a long way off our destination yet. 'Tis almost enough to drive a man crazy and were it not that there are so many

of us here "as misery loves company" would come near doing me up. And now to my plank and sleep.

TUESDAY, JULY 30th, 1850. Waking up, I found the sun shining brightly on our right and the darned old ship going N. W.—where I know not, probably in search of Sir John Franklin. After washing off some dirt and washing more in, I called on Dr. C. and found him doing about as well as could be expected. Dressed his blister and visited M who I found about as yesterday. His condition is such as to justify the belief that he will be on his legs by the time we reach California. After breakfast, tacked ship and stood East by south, traveling slowly with a light wind. In my sleep last night I visited old Shelbyville and held sweet converse with some of its citizens, but with returning consciousness, I found

"The spell was broke, the charm was flown!

Thus it is with life's fitful fever.

We madly smile when we should groan;

Delirium is our best deceiver."

About noon we had a rain and then a calm, rolling, rolling on old Ocean's bosom without progressing any. Were it not for cooking and eating, what should we do? In faith, I know not. Broiling meat, roasting and frying pumpkin and bread constitutes the chief employment of some,

and I think that those who never ate pumpkin before can now eat it fried, roasted or boiled. What a change circumstance works on us mortals. The wind sprung up at sunset and so closed the day.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31st, 1850. On waking up this morning found the sun up and the wind tolerable free and fair, and the old ship plowing her way through the briny deep in the direction of San Francisco at the rates of 6 or 7 knots per hour. Saw Dr. C who is better, able to sit up and walk about some. M is improving, but so slow as to be scarcely perceivable. The length of his sickness, bad air and impossibility of getting regimen suitable for sick persons, all combined, render his convalescence very tardy. But Hope, the Anchor upon which we all cling holds out a flag of ultimate success, unless some untoward change for the worse should take place. After breakfast, we had another scene between Mr. B and the Rev'd. Mr. Horne which the passengers decided to have nothing to do with and so it ended, I hope forever, for it is certainly disagreeable to see persons from the same country "all time quarreling and at loggerheads," so far from home as we are and all going to the same place and for the same purpose. Rainy, rainy and disagreeable. Bad dinner and bad weather give passengers bad temper as was seen by a quar-

rel in the roof soon after soup. L. & E. The wind continued strong until night, which was cool, yes cold, rendering blankets and overcoats comfortable. Thus ended July 1850 with a wet, cold, dark night.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1850. Last night was cold and to me a long night, gloomy and uncomfortable to most the passengers and this morning the first of August is as cold here as an October morning at home. The wind continued pretty stiff through the night and this morning we are going ahead to "Californy" right gallantly. Dr. C. is rather worse to-day, the glands of neck all very much swollen, so much so as to impede respiration and deglutition. Ordered a poultice of light breva-tobacco and onions—and a blister to his nape. M. is clear of fever and appears to be improving, though slowly. Several of those ugly birds called "Stinkers" that were caught yesterday were cooked and eaten by some of the passengers this morning. I did not partake, but from their appearance and the avidity with which they were eaten it was about as good as anything we get on this d—d French ship. Cool and cloudy at noon, with light wind. I am in hopes now of getting on shore, some time this month as we are not more than 1000 miles from our destination, and this only the first day of August. To-day, all was peace-



ful and quiet, no quarrels and no fights. Duff for dinner, and rice and molasses for supper, after which there was a game of Hat on the poop deck. As the sun retired the wind revived and at 8 o'clock we were progressing finely. To bed.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2nd., 1850. One more day to be got over in some way. During the night the wind lulled and the old "Cachalot" rocked most confoundedly, notwithstanding I managed to doze and dream away the night, for which I was so thankful that I was forced like Sancho Panza to exclaim—"blessed is the man that invented sleep." I've wished often since this voyage begun that I could take such a Nap as Rip Van Winkle enjoyed. Not quite so long, but until the shores of California hove in sight. Cool, cloudy and wind light this morning, but what little we have is bearing us on our course, to the long desired port. Dr. C. is about the same, no reduction in the swelling of his face and neck. Ordered a hot poultice and broken doses of Ipecac. M is improving, but so slow as to wear a sick man's patience "which they don't often have" completely out. From noon until night we had no wind, the surface of old ocean was smooth and placid, just swell enough to keep us rolling gently. About supper time a shower, just enough to be vastly disagreeable. When will this end? I hope soon, for of all places to wear one

out, this beats any I ever saw. About dusk there was some indications of a breeze; but none came, so I turned in disappointed again.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1850. Passed another disagreeable night, our old craft rolling about but making no headway, the calm of yesterday continuing all night and this morning finds us here, to all appearances in the same place, rolling on the deep blue sea. The Star of hope at times seems as if it were about setting or hiding itself behind some gloomy cloud; all appears dark and dreary to us worn out voyagers, then a few beams from the nearly hidden star will fall on us to cheer us on and bid us be of good hope. Saw Dr. C. who is in Statu Quo. M is convalescing, but very slow. The other sick aboard are all improving. Our appetites are almost ravenous which is essential to enable us to eat and digest our hard fare. About 12, we saw a number of large fish, called Black Fish. They look something like a porpoise except their head and nose which is larger and blunter, in fact, they are quite a pug-nose looking animal. Wind light, nearly calm, dull and gloomy, all out of heart and low-spirited. Oh for a wind! Purchased  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen bottles of Ale which I trust will help me through with our hard meat and bread. All quiet on board, probably from imitation, as we are all creatures of imitation, as the

sea has been quiet and calm now for the last few days. Cloudy and warmer than for the last few days and looks like rain. Wish it would and then have a fair wind. And so ends the day.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4th., 1850. Awoke this morning and found the old craft running pretty fair, the wind having sprung up about 4 o'clock this morning. Breakfast of fresh pork and coffee over, the usual scenes of ship life commence, and though to-day is the day set apart for rest and religious exercises, very little of the latter is done here. Dr. C. about the same. M. is convalescing. Card playing goes on as on any other day and in fact were it not known by keeping an account of the time, one would never know when Sunday came on board this vessel, so callous have we all grown as regards the observance of religious worship. Nearly every night we have a discussion of some kind, among the passengers—frequently political—which often ends in party, and sometimes, personal abuse. This is wrong, for if men can't agree it is no reason why each one should not be entitled to his opinion, for the man who will not admit that each party may honestly maintain its peculiar opinions is a BIGOT with whom it is vain to argue and towards whom anger would be ridiculous. Hung my greasy trousers over the bows to let them wash themselves, as I could not. After dinner, we had

a better wind and had the sight of a whale, who came up a few rods astern of us and "blowed" a while, then disappeared. He was of pretty good size and attracted considerable attention; being the first one we have seen. Calm again and continued so until old Sol went to rest, when I did the same, about eight.


MONDAY, AUGUST 5th., 1850. The old ship rocked and rolled all last night in the troughs of old Ocean—so much so that I passed a disagreeable night and got up this morning with pain and aches all over me. Going on deck I found the wind fair and good, but it soon changed to a headwind and then ceased blowing from any quarter leaving us to roll about as before. Half done beans and broth for dinner which I did not touch. Dr. C. continues about the same, the swelling of his glands and neck, undiminished. M. is on the rising order and though ailing manages to swallow down some of his ale. In the afternoon, we had a little more wind and travelled all o'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea with sails full and a wind that followed fast. About supper we had indications of rain, but it passed away and left us before. Called in to see L. in the roof and found him suffering considerably with pain in the abdomen, something like colic. Gave him an opii pill and directed hot applications. After sundown had a sight of the

evening star which looked red and brilliant and what was strange, there was another star apparently within two feet of it, nearly equal in size and brilliancy. I never saw the like before and heard the same remarked by several of the passengers. They both disappeared gradually and the wind increasing we traveled on a little faster and with better spirits.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th., 1850. Slept but little last night having to be up with L. who appeared to suffer considerably. Gave him SrOpii, Chl. Ether and Spts. Camphor a a, which acted like a charm and soon quieted him, when I turned in again and slept sound until daylight. During the night, the wind continuing fair, we made a better run than we had done for the last few days, and this morning found us going on finely; but a squall and rain coming up about breakfast time killed off the wind and left us doing as we have done for the last three or four days—nothing. Dr. C. is clear of fever but his neck continues about the same. On examining closely, I found both ears were enormously distended from which a thick matter was exuding. Ordered a light bread poultice to his throat but the Captain, d——n him, would not give a small piece of bread for that purpose, telling B, who applied for it, to make a poultice out of the hard and wormy biscuits; which he gives us to eat. I

wish he had one, crossways in his throat and it had to stay there until I removed it—guess he'd suffer a while d——n him. M. is improving, tho' *ale*-ing. After dinner another chunk of a fight at the roof between Mr. C. KS and Mr. L. They passed a few licks and were separated, neither being hurt. Wind light all day and traveled slowly. Cloudy and rained a little. Dull time, all getting impatient. Sunset was beautiful and then comes night.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1850. After rolling about all night, the wind sprang up this morning and carried us along at the rate of 5 knots in as many hours. I slept sound and arose in time to eat some wormy bread and drink some miserable bad coffee. Called to see Dr. C. and found him to be about the same as yesterday, no diminution in his swelled neck; poor fellow, he has had and will have a hard time of it. M. is coming it slowly. L. is in about the same situation as yesterday—having suffered more or less all night. Saw those two stars again last evening. They were about the same distance apart as the evening before, but did not shine so brilliantly. Washing, card playing, little writing and etc., as usual. Nothing new to break the monotony of the times. Oh! for a wind to send us in. A good many of the passengers *ale*-ing to-day on account of the wind being better than for the last




four or five, which puts them all in better spirits. To-day about noon the eclipse of the sun was visible to us tho not so plain as I expected to see it. The intercepting body passed across the lower third of the sun and was visible only a short time. New moon to-day and the wind being good and fair, I hope it may continue long enough to run us to our long desired port. Had a PAN CAKE for supper, after which saw L., with Dr. Young who examined him and agreed to use G & Q aa Opii, SSpilutars. Sumat tres hori. The day ended and leaving the old ship to run by herself, I turned in.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th., 1850. Awoke this morning and heard the rain pattering down on decks, most beautiful. I lay still for a short time while it ceased raining and I went up on deck and saw—, "What?" the same cheerless and dull scene that has been presenting itself ever since leaving Panama—Sky and water and occasionally clouds. We made a pretty fair run last night and are doing finely to-day. If the wind continues as it is, a few days longer our voyage will be at an end, as we have indications that land is not as far from us now as it were a week ago. The clouds look a little different and those persons who sleep on deck, (and some have done so the whole voyage) say that the dews are much heavier now than a few days back. To-day

we had another chunk of a fight on top the roof, the cause of which was a *little* different from the first fight we had on board, for then it was Vinegar and to-day it was sugar, one sour and the other one sweet. Strange that reasonable men will fight one another for such trifles. My patients all appear better to-day. Had Duff for dinner. Gramy announced this evening that he was done sewing for this voyage. Towards sundown the wind nearly ceased and left us to roll about on the breathings of old ocean one more night. Supper, and sundown follows, then comes night, when we go down below, turn in, sleep—dream and sleep.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9th., 1850.  
Was awakened this morning by the rolling of the vessel, when I turned out, went up and found the same scene—sky and water—the sails all hanging and flapping loosely on their spars and as a natural consequence the old ship scarcely making headway enough to steer her straight. Holy Moses, when will this end! The sick all appear to be improving except Dr. C. who remains much the same. The elements continue calm all day, to make up for which some of No. 4 mess and the Launche denizens became a little boisterous. They were not full, just had plenty. Nothing more occurred to break the monotony of the day and old Sol gradually hid himself in the deep dark






sea looking fiery and red, as if he too had been on a jollification.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th., 1850. Arose from a sound night's sleep and found the wind fair and the "Cachalot" walking the waters like a thing of life. The passengers talking and speculating on the probabilities of seeing land to-day, but all in vain, for as breakfast was over the wind gradually died off, and left us rolling about as before. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Disappointment lurks in many a prize, like bees in flowers and stings us men with success. Just as we expected to be speedily blown into our long desired haven, the wind ceased and left us to roll away another day on old Ocean's bosom. Early this morning some of the passengers saw the spouting of one of the monsters of the great deep, and again this evening we could see them in several directions, throwing up the spray from the briny deep and occasionally showing their sides and great fins to our staring gaze. Several times during the day the cry of "land" was heard but no such good luck awaited us, and old Sol retired to his watery bed leaving us where he found us in the morning—on the vasty deep.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11th., 1850. After lying down last night, the New Yorkers commenced their political discussion again and

carried it so far that the passengers after asking them in vain to desist, commenced in self defense, to sing, laugh, talk, holler and imitate dogs and other animals, until the whole steerage was one continual uproar, when they ceased; if political discussion commenced again they would do the same and kept it up until the Y's gave it up in disgust. During the night the wind sprang up and we made a pretty fair run but this Sabbath morning finds us moving slowly, with light wind and an appearance of rain. After breakfast the wind freshened up and carried us along at the rate of 6 or 7 knots per hour. The sea has changed from a deep blue to a greenish color, which indicates soundings and a nearer contiguity to land than we have been since leaving the Islands. Saw an object floating to leeward to-day which was supposed to be the wreck of some small vessel. My *patients* all improving while my *patience* is nearly exhausted. After dinner a good many of the passengers saw—land—or what they thought was dirt. Heavy fogs appeared in the direction of the Coast—at one time so thick that you could scarcely see the ship's length ahead. A good many speculations and some bets whether or not land was really in sight or not, were made. At one time it appeared to be land, then a fog would intervene and all appearance of *dirt* would vanish. This continued until about supper time




when all doubts were removed and Uncle Sam's soil once more! after a voyage of 67 days from Panama on the trackless deep was presented to our admiring gaze. All was joy and mirth on board. Despondency and gloom gave way to cheerfulness and gaiety. The bold outlines of the coast became more distinct towards night, large mountains apparently covered with snow extending up along the coast as far as the eye could scan. The wind continued to increase until I turned in for the night when it was blowing a considerable gale driving us right on to the entrance of the bay. Saw several sails before dark. MONDAY, AUGUST 12th., 1850. Last night was the coldest we have had and was the coldest I ever felt in August. All the night through the wind blowed and whistled through the rigging at an "*orful*" rate making the old "*Cachalot*" creak in every joint. The waves were high, and came leaping on as though they would engulf us, but the old ship rode them safely through. The Captain kept her standing on and off the entrance until daylight when he could see how to steer her in. As soon as day came, we ran into the entrance "to the bay" which is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide, on each side of which appear large hills apparently very much resembling the hills and mountains on the Islands. We saw several vessels, just within the mouth of the harbor, but

whether they were inward or outward bound I know not. The rising sun makes the hills and the bay spread out before us, look beautiful and grand. Wild ducks here are numerous. At length we have passed through the Golden Gate and are now in sight of the great City of San Francisco, with its harbor and thousands of vessels from all parts of the universe.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT IN CALIFORNIA

Many who go to California have pictured to themselves an El Dorado, where gold was abundant "like the drunken husband's milk, lying loose" and the people there wanting in sagacity, and where they were to become suddenly rich in some unknown but easy manner. This same weakness of mind that indulged in such absurd expectations produces petulance in disappointment. Such persons become embittered against the country on finding that there, as everywhere else, a man must sow before he reaps; must win wealth by industry and talent and must contend with the common difficulties of nature and the shrewdness of an intelligent and enterprising people, as well as the polished rascal, with his plausible theories and brilliant temptations of risking a little and making a good deal. Having to contend with all these heterologous influences he soon



becomes disheartened and dissatisfied and curses himself for going to it, and the country for not realizing his anticipation.

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